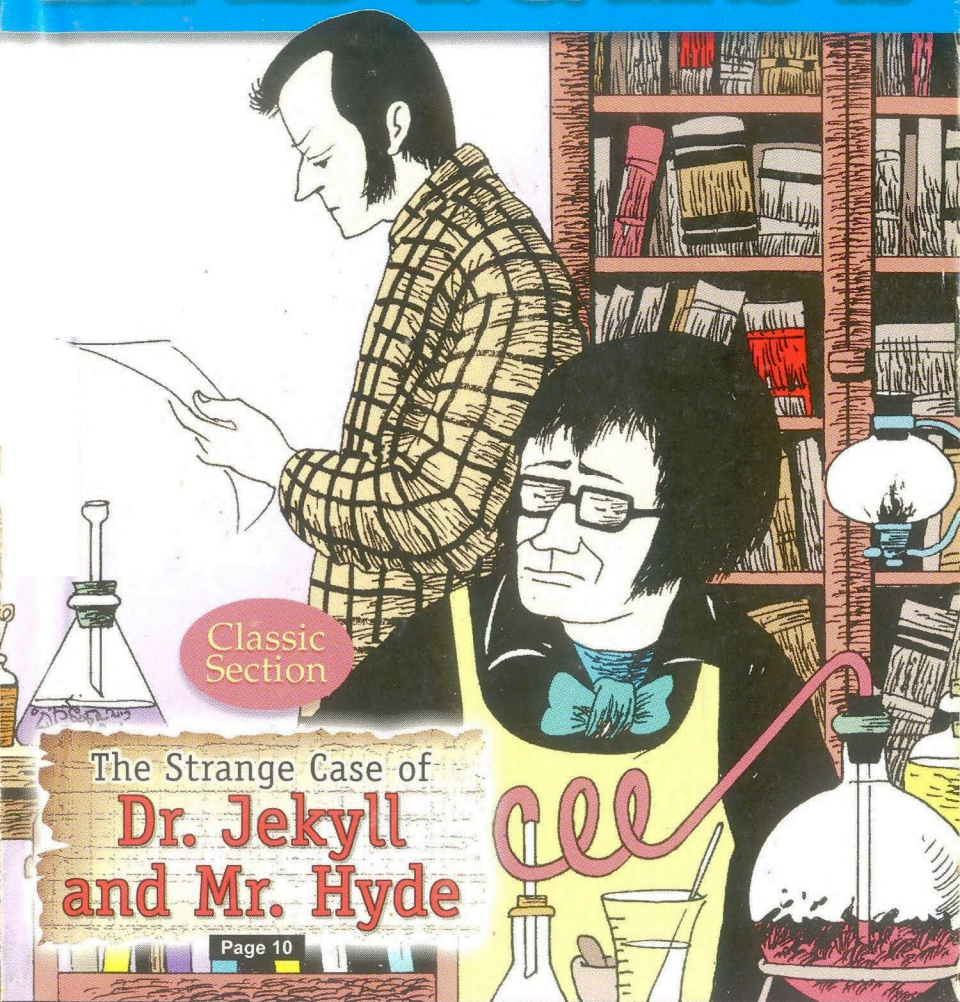




CHILDREN'S DIGEST



Classic
Section

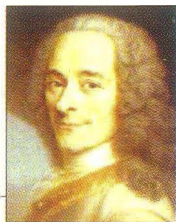
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Page 10

Catchy Quotes

- Work spares us from three evils: boredom, vice, and need.

- Voltaire



- There are two things to aim at in life; first to get what you want, and after that to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind has achieved the second.

- Logan Pearsall Smith

- It is better to bind your children to you by a feeling of respect and by gentleness, than by fear.

- Terence

- By being yourself, you put something wonderful in the world that was not there before.

- Edwin Elliot

- We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, therefore, is not an act but a habit.

- Aristotle

- Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly.

- Lanston Hughes

- The mediocre teacher tells. The good teacher explains. The superior teacher demonstrates. The great teacher inspires.

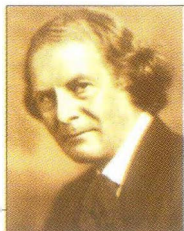
- William Arthur Ward

- If the going is real easy, beware, you may be headed downhill.

- Anonymous

- One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.

- Elbert Hubbard





RASHTRA DEEPIKA
**CHILDREN'S
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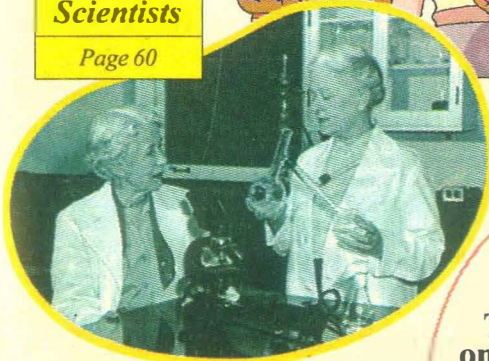
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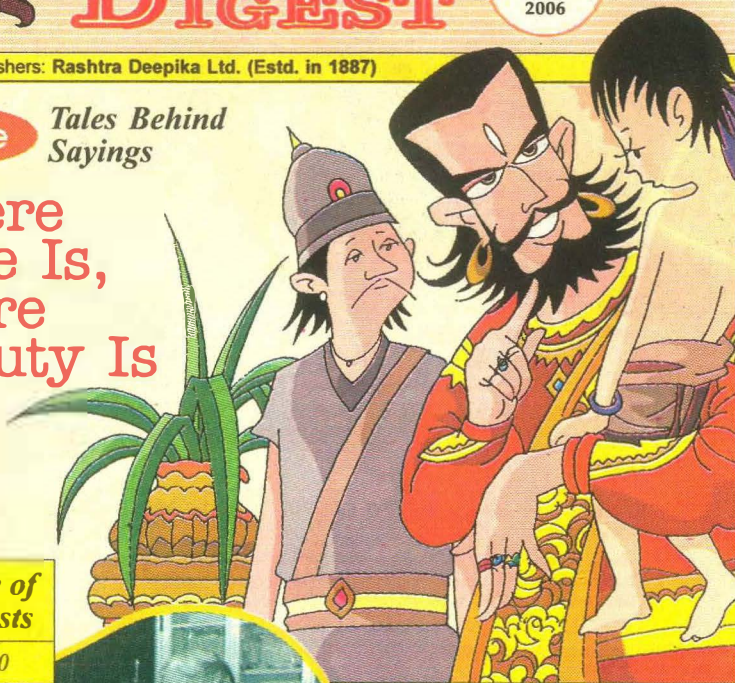
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**Gallery of
Scientists**

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**Elizabeth Lee Hazen
and Rachel Fuller Brown**



**The future depends
on what we do in the
present.**

-Mahatma Gandhi

Thought for the Month

**Tales Behind
Inventions**



**FUN
TIME**

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Power Boats

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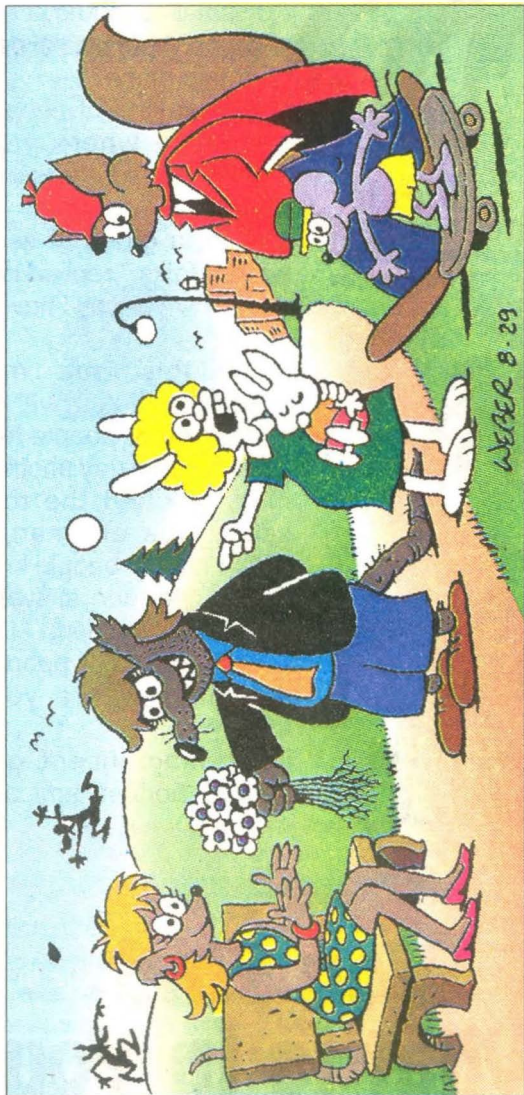
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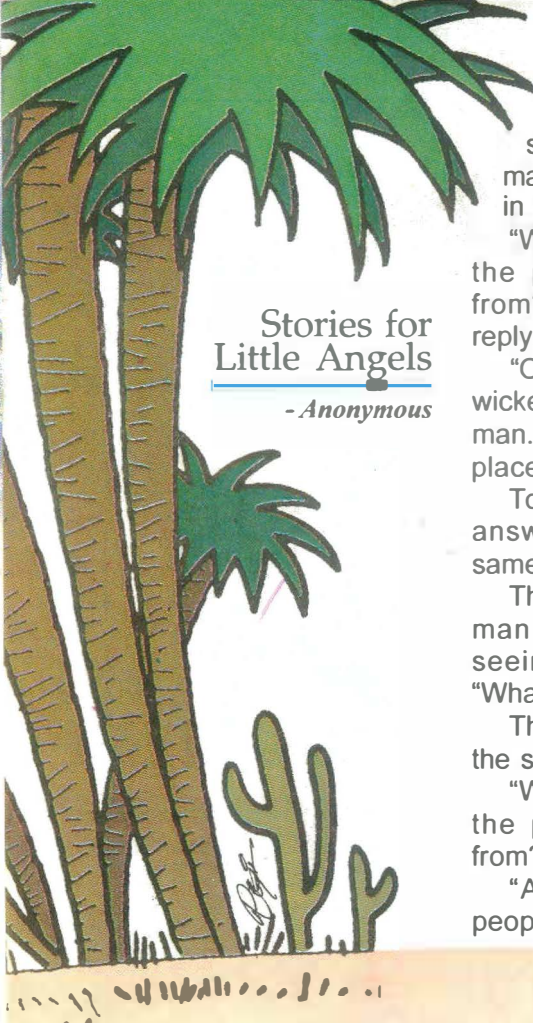
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Slylock Fox



Mrs. Rabbit claims Reeky Rat stole daisies from her garden. Reeky insists he bought the sweet-smelling flowers from a florist. Slylock Fox says the flowers may be sweet-smelling, but Reeky Rat's story stinks. Why?

(See page 97)

A stylized illustration of a desert landscape. On the left, two tall palm trees with green fronds and brown trunks stand prominently. To their right, a smaller palm tree and a green, branching cactus are visible. The ground is represented by a simple line and a light yellow wash at the bottom of the page.

Stories for Little Angels

- Anonymous

A youth arrived at a small town and asked an old man, "What kind of people live in this place?"

"What kind of people live in the place where you come from?" asked the old man in reply.

"Oh, a group of selfish and wicked folks," replied the young man. "I am happy I have left that place."

To this, the old man answered, "You will find the same type of people here."

The same day another young man reached the town and seeing the old man, asked, "What kind of people live here?"

The old man answered with the same question:

"What kind of people live in the place where you come from?"

"A magnificent group of people, honest, amicable, and

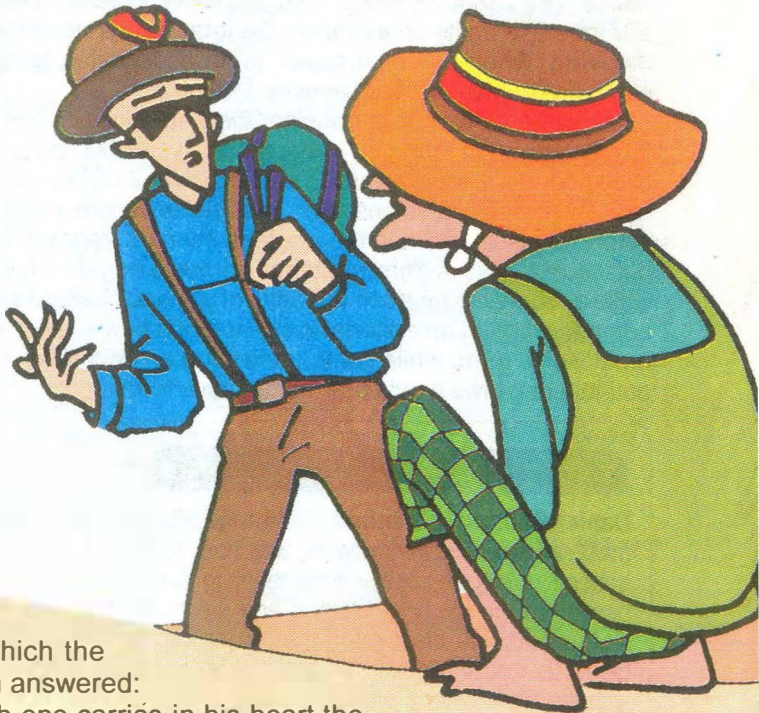
You Find What Is In You

hospitable. It hurts me very much to have left them."

"You will find the same type of people here too," replied the old man with a smile.

A man who had heard both the conversations asked the old man:

"How could you have given the same answer to both these people?"



To which the old man answered:

"Each one carries in his heart the environment where he lives. The one that found only friends there, can also find friends here, because, to tell the truth, your mental attitude is the only thing in your life over which you can maintain absolute control."



Denotation and Connotation

If you were to look up the words *house* and *home* in a dictionary, you would find that both words have approximately the same meaning - 'a dwelling place.' However, *home* has an additional meaning. Apart from the dictionary definition, or *denotation*, many people associate such things as comfort, love, security, or privacy with a home but do not necessarily make the same associations with a house. The various feelings, images, and memories that surround a word make up its *connotation*. Denotation is a literal meaning of the word, whereas connotation is an association (emotional or otherwise) which the word evokes.

For another example, consider the sentences, "There are over 2,000 vagrants in the city", "There are over 2,000 people with no fixed address in the city" and "There are over 2,000 homeless in the city". All three expressions refer to the same people, but they invoke different associations in the reader's mind: a "vagrant" is a public nuisance and so the first sentence carries a negative connotation, while a "homeless" person is worthy of pity and charity. Presumably, someone writing an editorial in support of a new shelter would use the positive form, while someone writing an editorial in support of anti-loitering laws would use the negative form.

Persons who became words

Fahrenheit

Daniel Gabriel Fahrenheit (1686 – 1736), German physicist and maker of scientific instruments, was born in Poland. In 1717 he set himself up as an instrument-maker in Amsterdam. He devoted himself to the study of physics and the manufacture of precision instruments. He discovered that water can remain in liquid form below its freezing point and that the boiling point of liquids varies with the atmospheric pressure. He is best known for inventing the alcohol thermometer (1709) and mercury thermometer (1714) and for developing the Fahrenheit temperature scale. Until the 1970s the Fahrenheit scale was in common use in English-speaking countries.



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Sample Recipe

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Ingredients:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Maida or self-raising flour | - One standard cup |
| 2. Margarine | - 3/4 standard cup |
| 3. Powdered sugar | - 4 tb spoons |
| 4. Salt | - One pinch |
| 5. Fruitoman's Vanilla Essence | - 4 drops |
| 6. Fruitoman's Baking Powder | - One pinch |
| 7. Fruitoman's Mixed Fruit Jam | - 8-10 tb spoons |

Sieve maida, salt, sugar powder, baking powder. Add margarine, vanilla essence and make into a soft ball. Keep covered for 15 min. Take a small ball and roll flat with a chapati roller. Cut into required shapes and bake at 150°C for 15 min. Allow them to cool. Decorate them with Fruitoman's Mixed Fruit Jam and serve.



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- R. L. Stevenson

Mr. Utterson the lawyer and his cousin and friend Richard Enfield were on one of their usual Sunday walks.

At the corner of a side

"Something terrible happened one night here, and that door is part of the story," Enfield went on. Mr. Utterson was all ears.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

street they came upon an old ugly building.

"Did you ever notice that dirty and stained door?" Enfield asked his friend the lawyer, pointing to a shabby door at the back of that

building on level with the street.

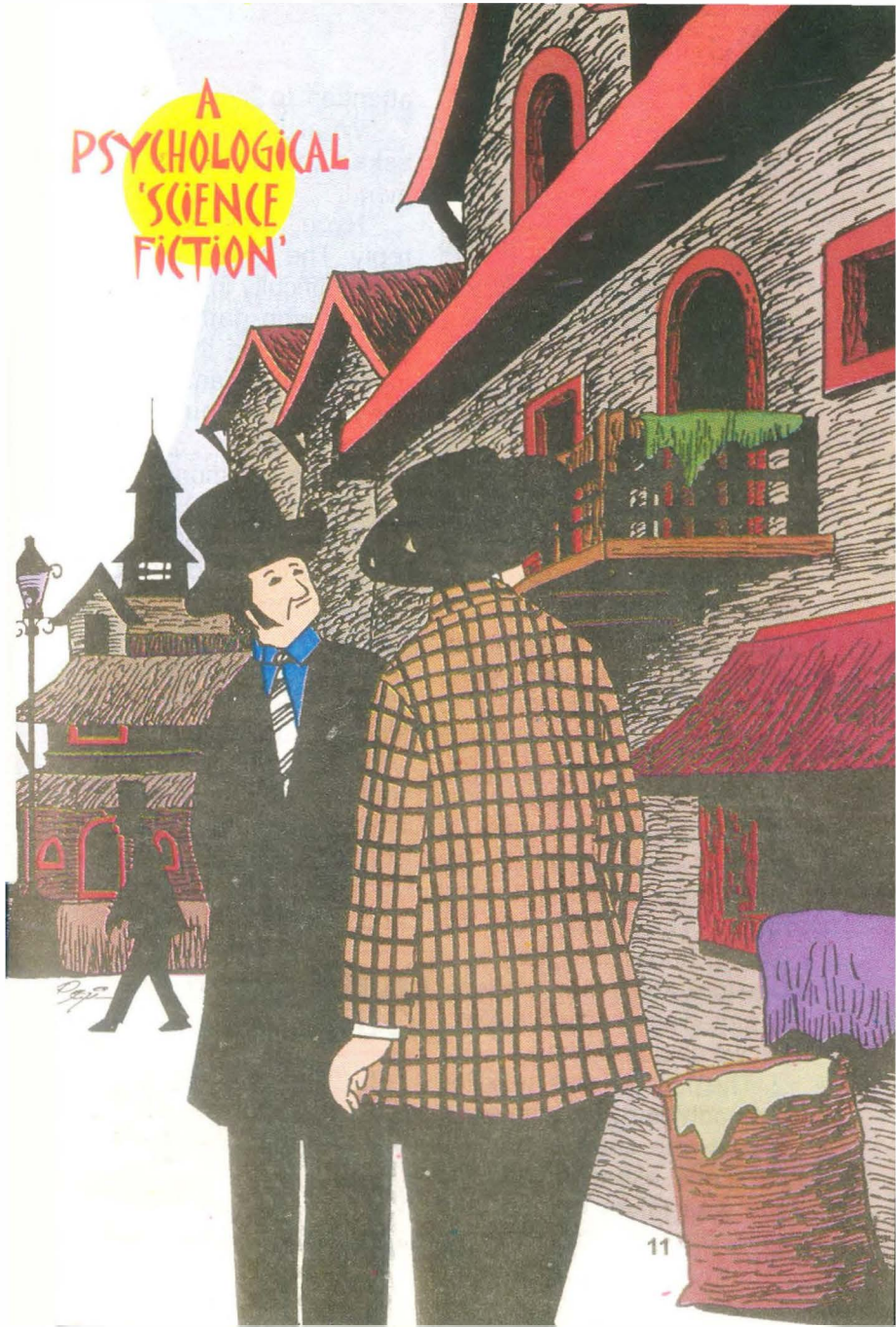
Quick Quiz

The "Cheshire Cat" figures prominently in a story by

(See page 97)

"It happened on a dark winter morning," Enfield began his story. "Everyone was asleep and all was still. I was returning home from a long journey. As I came near this place, suddenly on the opposite side of the road I saw a girl of about ten, running round the corner. Walking quickly towards her, from the other side, was a little man. At the corner they collided and the girl was

A
PSYCHOLOGICAL
'SCIENCE
FICTION'



"The pot calling the kettle black."

In the seventeenth century, both pots and kettles turned black because they were used over open fires. Today, this idiom means criticizing someone else for a fault of one's own.

knocked down. The man calmly trampled over her and went on, leaving the child screaming on the ground! Shouting loudly, I ran after the man, caught him by his collar and brought him back to the scene of the accident. He came quietly, but he gave me a very threatening look. Hearing the terrified screams of the girl, and my cries, a group of people, including the girl's father, had gathered round. They looked at the man in horror and disgust. One look at the man and we all turned sick and white. We felt we could kill him.

The poor girl was not killed but badly hurt. Fortunately, a doctor who soon arrived on the scene, examined her, and she was taken indoors, and

attended to."

"What is your name?" asked the horrible looking man.

"Hyde," was his careless reply. The doctor and I had great difficulty in keeping the people who gathered there from attacking the devilish-looking little man. However, they wanted him to pay compensation.

"How much money do you want?" he asked.

"A hundred pounds for the child's family," said the doctor. As the group of people looked so violent, the man consented. But he seemed to feel no guilt or shame. He only wished to get away from them.

"Come with me," he said, and he led the doctor, the child's father, and me to the shabby building.

"Wait here," said Hyde, and unlocking that dirty door with a key he took quickly out of his

QUICK QUIZ

In "The Jungle Book", by Rudyard Kipling, Mowgli is raised by a family of ...?

(See page 97)

pocket, he went in, shutting the door behind him. He came out within a few minutes, with ten pounds in gold and a cheque for ninety pounds, drawn payable to bearer. We were astonished to see that the cheque was signed by a distinguished man, respected and well-known all over London.

"The cheque is signed by somebody else. Are you trying forgery with us now?" the doctor asked.

"Set your mind at rest. I'll stay with you till you cash it in the morning," sneered the man. So all of us waited in a room in the child's house, until the banks opened. Then some of us went to the bank with the man, and had the cheque cashed without any question. It was no forgery, and the man went back into that building, and was seen no more.

In the next few days I came back again and again to that dirty door in the stained wall and looked up and around, and wondered who lived there. You see there is no other door, and no windows even on the first floor, but the



Did You Know?

Poplar trees and red and silver maples flip their leaves up when air pressure is low and rain is imminent.

chimney is smoking, so somebody must live there. It is a puzzle, and the most puzzling part of it is the connection between the honourable name with which the cheque was signed, and the rascal who gave it to the child's father," Enfield said.

"Blackmail, I think. Blackmail for some thoughtless act in youth, perhaps," Mr. Enfield added as an afterthought.

"What did you say was the name of the man who walked over the child?" Mr. Utterson asked.

"Hyde. And he was a man

Did You Know?

The most dangerous animal in the world is the common housefly. Because of their habit of visiting animal waste, they transmit more diseases than any other animal. Houseflies have a life span of two weeks.



very difficult indeed to describe. There was something extraordinarily displeasing about him. There was something unnatural about his looks," Enfield explained.

Utterson said, "Richard, I know the name of the man who signed the cheque. I recognise this wall. It's the back of a somewhat run-down building. Across the yard from it on the other side, there is a big, fine house facing a square. Yes, Richard, I know that the famous Dr. Jekyll lives there - the man who signed the cheque!"

From that day on, Mr. Utterson spent hours in the

neighbourhood of that door in that side-street. Morning and evening, noon and night, he haunted the place.

"If he is Mr. Hyde," he said to himself, "I am Mr. Seek."

Mr. Utterson was a lawyer, honest and careful in his work. Richard Enfield's story disturbed him greatly. He did not understand the peculiar connection between Dr. Jekyll, who was an old friend of his, and the brutal Mr. Hyde.

Dr. Jekyll had entrusted his 'Will' with the lawyer. That 'Will' had always worried the lawyer, and he had disapproved of its contents so much that he had refused to write it. So it was written in Dr. Jekyll's own handwriting.

The 'Will' stated that everything that Dr. Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc. possessed,

Quick Quiz

The most famous sea creature in literature is "Moby Dick". Who wrote the novel?

(See page 97)

should pass to his friend and benefactor Edward Hyde Esq. on Dr. Jekyll's death, disappearance, or unexplained absence for over three months!

"Disappearance," "unexplained absence" - the words had always worried the lawyer. Now the queer wording of the 'Will', together with what he had now learnt of Hyde from his friend Enfield, made him very anxious.

"I fear now that it's a dangerous, disgraceful 'Will'", he said to himself, and he too came to the conclusion that Dr. Jekyll was being blackmailed for some youthful wrongdoing.

"I'll ask Dr. Lanyon what he knows," he thought.

Dr. Lanyon received him warmly. They had known each other and Dr. Jekyll since the three of them had been students together, and long association had made the three good friends.

After they had exchanged greetings,

Mr. Utterson said, "I think you and I, Lanyon, must be Jekyll's oldest friends."

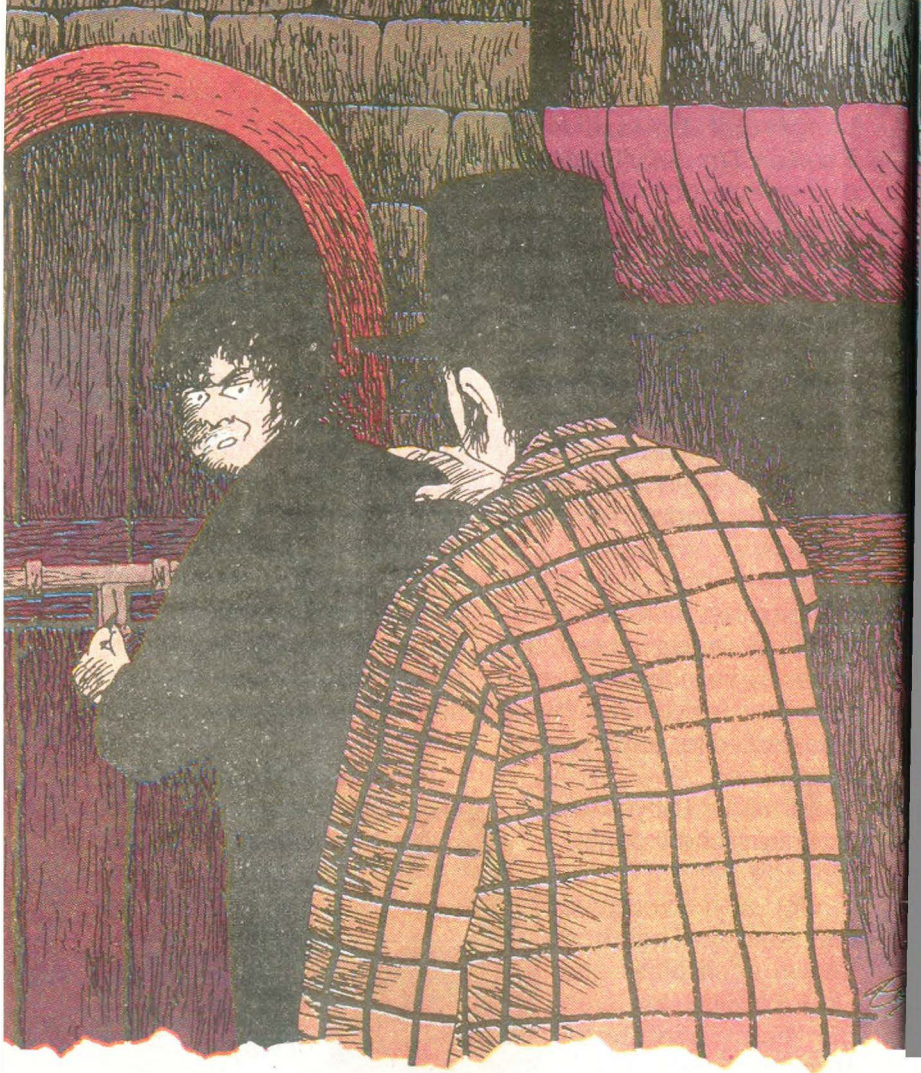
Dr. Lanyon laughed. "Yes, oldest indeed. Oldest in every sense of the word," he said. "But I wish the friends were younger," he added.

"Do you see him often now?" asked Mr. Utterson. At this question, Dr. Lanyon's cheerful face clouded over. "No, not often. As a matter of fact I see him very seldom these days," he said. "The man has got the most peculiar unscientific ideas," he went on angrily. "Quite unscientific. There's something wrong with his mind!"

Utterson said, "He has got a new, young friend now - name of Hyde.



Oscar Wilde was once asked to make various changes to one of his plays. He declined. "Who am I," he asked, "to tamper with a masterpiece?"



Perhaps they agree on scientific theories."

"Hyde? Never heard of him," said Dr. Lanyon.

Utterson could gather no information that threw any light on the Jekyll and Hyde relationship. But he had no doubt that Hyde had some power over the doctor. Why else should the



latter write such a
'Will'?

"Mr. Seek" continued his search for "Mr. Hyde". At last one night, at about ten o'clock, his search was ended. It was a clear and still night, and the street was deserted. Mr. Utterson was standing in a dark doorway. He heard quick, light footsteps. They came closer and closer, and he saw a small, plainly dressed man make straight for that mysterious door. Even from where he stood, Utterson felt a dislike for the small figure. As the little man drew a key from his pocket, the lawyer stepped out of the shadow and touched him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Hyde?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes," said the man. "What do you want?"

"I'm Utterson, an old friend

of Dr. Jekyll. Since you have a key, I thought you might let me in too. I came to visit him."

"Dr. Jekyll is not at home," said Hyde, "and how did you recognize me?"

"Let me see your face," said the lawyer simply.

Hyde hesitated for a moment, then turned so that the street lamp fell on his face and Mr. Utterson could see him clearly.

"Now I'll know you again," he said. "It may be useful."

"Yes," said Hyde. "And this is my address," he added, as he gave Mr. Utterson the number of a house on a street in Soho. And with a quick movement he unlocked the door and went in, locking it behind him.

Utterson thought to himself, "There's something unnatural about the man. I've never felt such a queer mixture of disgust and fear for

QUICK QUIZ

An albatross figures prominently in a poem by which author?

(See page 97)

anyone before. He seems somehow subhuman and quite evil. Poor Jekyll! How in the world did Hyde come to have a hold over him?"

Walking slowly round the corner, he came to the front entrance of Dr. Jekyll's house.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" he asked the butler who answered his ring.

"Dr. Jekyll is out, Mr. Utterson," said Poole.

"Is Mr. Hyde allowed to go in and out through the door to the laboratory at the back?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Poole. "The master is very fond of him and has complete trust in him, but we seldom see him

in this part of the house. He never dines here."

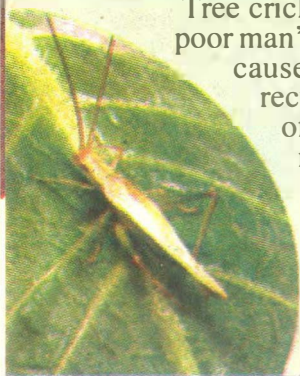
"It must be blackmail," decided Mr. Utterson as he walked home. "Perhaps that young villain Hyde made my poor friend write that awful 'Will'. He must have found out some disgraceful secret in Jekyll's past and is holding it over him."

A fortnight later Mr. Utterson was invited to dinner at Dr. Henry Jekyll's house. There were some other guests too and it was a very enjoyable evening. After dinner, left alone in the company of the doctor, Utterson wanted to know more about Mr. Hyde. But the doctor flatly refused to talk about Hyde or his strange 'Will'.

"Really this business between young Hyde and myself isn't as bad as you think. It isn't blackmail at all. And I swear to you, that if I should really wish it, I could get rid of the young man immediately," the doctor added.

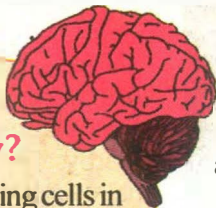
Did You Know?

Tree crickets are called the poor man's thermometer because temperature directly affects their rate of activity. Count the number of chirps a cricket makes in 15 seconds, then add 37. The sum will be very close to the outside temperature!



Did You Know?

The longest living cells in the body are brain cells which can live an entire lifetime.



Months passed. In October of the following year, a dreadful crime shocked all London. It seemed to be an act of mad cruelty without any reason behind it. The whole of London shook with the horror of it. It was the murder of a gentleman in high position.

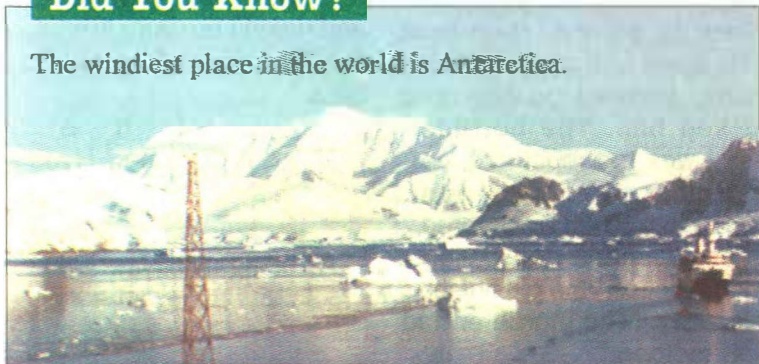
A young servant girl had witnessed the terrible deed as she sat at the window of

her room at the top of the house where she worked. It was eleven in the night, a beautiful full-moon night.

"I was enjoying the moonlit night," she told the police, "when I saw an old gentleman walking along the lane. He had silvery white hair and was well dressed. Presently a small man came towards him from the other end of the lane. As he came closer, I recognized him as Mr. Hyde, a small, thin man, and wicked-looking, who had once called on my master. When the two gentlemen were opposite each other," she went on, "the old gentleman spoke to Mr. Hyde, who listened impatiently, shifting around the heavy cane in his hand." "Suddenly," said the maid,

Did You Know?

The windiest place in the world is Antarctica.





Did You Know?

Rain clouds are grey because they are so thick with large drops of water that they block out the sunlight. Dark clouds are storm clouds. Because they have high ice crystal content, light has trouble passing through them and makes them appear dark.

"his impatience seemed to get the better of him, and he waved the cane about and stamped his foot and shouted. When the old gentleman moved back a step in surprise, it seemed as if Mr. Hyde lost all control of himself. He struck the old gentleman down to ground, then beat him again and again with his cane, jumped on him and kicked him. The horrible sight was too much for me to bear, and I fainted. It was two o'clock when I recovered consciousness and called for the police," the girl finished her story. "The murderer had fled by then."

The police found half of the murder weapon - the heavy cane - in the gutter nearby. They found out that the murdered man was Sir Danvers Carew. As he was a client of the lawyer Mr. Utterson, the latter offered to assist the police in the hunt for the murderer. When he saw the broken cane, the lawyer realized that it was a half of one he himself had given Dr. Jekyll long ago.

Mr. Utterson went with the police to the house in Soho (to the address which Hyde had given the lawyer outside that door almost a year ago). It was a particularly bad locality, shabby and dirty. An old woman admitted them into Hyde's rooms.

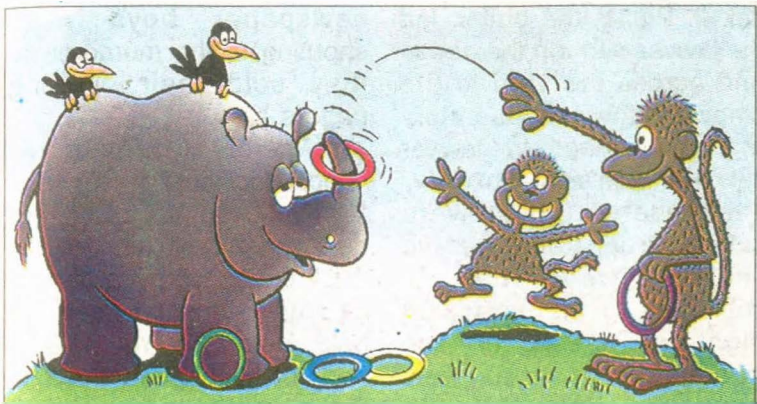
"Mr. Hyde is not at home," she told them. "His comings and goings are very irregular. I don't know when he'll be back."

T h e y
searched Hyde's

Quick
Quiz

An orang-utan plays a key role in which short story?

(See page 97)



True or False

- 1) Rhinos give birth to one calf every two to four years.
- 2) The rhino horn is made of enamel, the same substance that forms teeth.
- 3) Rhinos live up to 50 years.
- 4) Rhinos sweat more than 20 gallons of water per day.

(See
page 97)

rooms. They were in a mess. Cupboards stood open, drawers were pulled out, clothes lay around. In the fireplace they found the burnt remains of a cheque book, and behind the door the other half of the broken cane.

"We'll soon catch him," said the Inspector. "He'll turn up sooner or later, somewhere or the other."

Everybody agreed that Hyde was deformed in an indescribable way, and that

there was something evil about him.

But Hyde never did turn up anywhere. He seemed to have no friends or relations.

At last the police offered a reward of a thousand pounds for the finder. But nobody was able to find Mr. Hyde. People only heard stories of Hyde's cruelty and his wild life.

Mr. Utterson called on Dr.

Jekyll. Poole, the butler, led the lawyer through the house and across the yard to the dingy windowless laboratory at the back. There the lawyer saw a strange sight. Boxes lay everywhere, tables were laden with apparatus, and the shelves were full of chemicals. Going up a short flight of steps in the laboratory, Mr. Utterson went through a door into the doctor's study. There was a fire in the grate, and Dr. Jekyll sat huddled over it miserably. He looked ill and worn.

"You've heard the news?" Utterson asked. The doctor shuddered. "Yes, I heard them shouting it in the square," was the whispered answer.

(In the streets of the town

newspaper boys were shouting of the murderer as they sold their evening papers.)

"Where's Hyde? Are you concealing him?"

"No," cried the doctor, "no, no, I've done with him. I swear it. I'll never set eyes on him again. He doesn't need my help. He's safe. You'll never hear of him again. But I've had a letter from him. Here it is."

The letter read:

"I thank you, Dr. Jekyll, for all your kindness and your generosity, and I assure you that you need not worry about my safety. I have a sure means of escape, and I will use it to avoid arrest and be out of your life for ever."

Edward Hyde

"Where's the envelope?" asked Mr. Utterson.

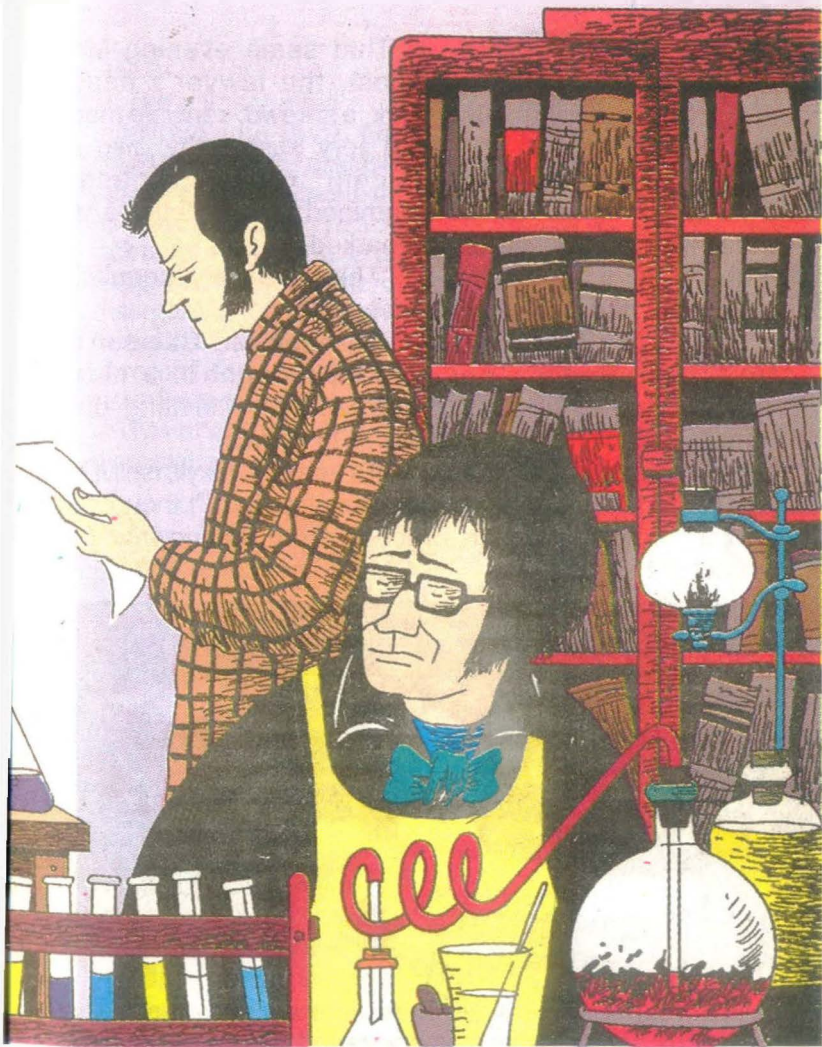
"I burnt it without thinking," was the answer, "but it came by hand. It had no post mark."

"You realize, don't you, that you've had a very narrow escape? Hyde dictated the

Did You Know?

Lavatory paper was a Chinese invention. It was first described around AD 580. Modern lavatory paper was invented by the American Joseph Gayetty in 1857. Another American, Seth Wheeler, invented the lavatory paper roll in 1871.





terms of your 'Will', didn't he?" asked the lawyer.

The doctor nodded.

"He meant to murder you, Henry. It's been a very narrow escape, indeed."

"I have had a terrible lesson," moaned Dr. Jekyll, covering his face with his hands. "A terrible lesson and a narrow escape."

On his way out the lawyer asked the butler if any hand-delivered letter had come that day.

"No," said Poole, "no letters by hand - only circulars by post."

"Did the letter come by the laboratory door?" wondered the lawyer, "or was it written in the doctor's study?"

That same evening Mr. Guest, the lawyer's head clerk, a shrewd, sensible man and very trustworthy, also a student of handwriting, examined Hyde's letter and remarked,

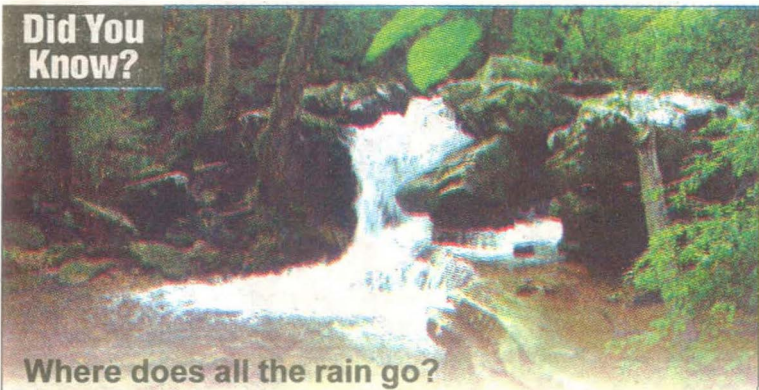
"This is a very peculiar writing, sir."

Just then Mr. Utterson's servant brought in a note from Dr. Jekyll inviting the lawyer to dinner.

"It's from Dr. Jekyll, isn't it?" Mr. Guest asked. "I thought I recognized the handwriting."

Mr. Guest compared both

Did You Know?



Where does all the rain go?

When it rains, some water flows into streams, some is absorbed by plants, some evaporates and some seeps into the ground. Some rocks are permeable - that is, they contain tiny pores or fissures (cracks) through which water can flow. Permeable rock layers containing water are called aquifers, and if you dig down to one of these, you create a well.

Schizophrenia

(Greek: schizein = cleave, split (cut into two), phren = mind) = a mental disease (first described by Kraepelin in 1896 as dementia praecox). Schizophrenia is a group of mental illnesses characterized by disorganization of the patient's personality, often resulting in chronic life-long ill health - a psychosis marked by introversion, delusions, dissociation, etc.

letters carefully, and remarked, "I'd have said both letters were written by the same hand, the characters are identical, only differently sloped."

"Curious," said Mr. Utterson.

When Mr. Guest was gone, Mr. Utterson wondered, "Does Henry Jekyll now forge for a murderer?"

As more and more tales of Hyde's cruelties and villainies were unearthed, Mr. Utterson feared that one morning the man himself should be found, and his connections with Dr. Jekyll revealed. However, two

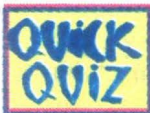
months went by and still there was no news of the murderer. The earth seemed to have swallowed him up.

One day Mr. Utterson went to see Dr. Jekyll. "The doctor is confined to the house and can see no one," said the butler at the door.

When the same experience was repeated three times, the lawyer became quite worried.

"What's the matter now?" he wondered. "Even if he's ill, why can't he see me? Why does he have to hide himself to such an extent? I'm sure it's more than ill health."

Now the lawyer thought of visiting Dr. Lanyon. "Lanyon at least will see me," he thought. He was right. The butler took him in immediately, but Dr. Lanyon was very much



"Old Major" is a character in George Orwell's "Animal Farm". What kind of animal is it?

(See page 97)

Did You Know?

Until 1896, India was the only source for diamonds to the world.



changed. He looked ill and wasted-away. It seemed he was dying. There was obvious terror in his eyes.

Utterson said, "I'm sorry to see you ill."

"I've had a shock," was the rejoinder. "I saw something terrible. I'm shaken to my very roots. I'll never be the same again. I've had a terrible shock and I'm dying. What I've learned is more than flesh and blood can bear."

"Jekyll is ill too," said the lawyer. At the mention of 'Jekyll', Dr. Lanyon said in a loud trembling voice, "Don't speak to me of Jekyll. I've quite done with him." He held up his hand as Mr. Utterson attempted to say something.

"No, no, Utterson. Nothing can be done even by a mutual friend like you."

"Jekyll won't see me,"

complained the lawyer.

"I'm not surprised," was the answer. "When I'm dead, which won't be long now, my friend, you'll know the whole story."

Lanyon would not reveal the cause of the shock which had left him a dying man, and Jekyll's connection with it. So the lawyer soon rose to leave.

"Goodbye," Utterson, goodbye," said the doctor as Mr. Utterson took both the hands Lanyon held out to him. "Goodbye, my dear friend, I fear you won't see me alive again."

"Goodbye," said the lawyer sadly. Back home, Mr. Utterson wrote asking Dr. Jekyll the reason for the quarrel between him and Dr.

Quick Quiz

The term 'Shylock' has come to have an everyday usage. In which of Shakespeare's plays does this character appear?

(See page 97)

Did You Know?

The African fringe-toed lizard dances to keep cool, lifting each foot in turn off the hot sand.



Lanyon, and asking too why Dr. Jekyll would not see him.

The answer he received was both pathetic and puzzling: "*The quarrel with Lanyon is incurable. From now onwards, I mean to be alone. You must let me go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger I cannot name...*"

Three weeks later Dr. Lanyon died, leaving a letter for Mr. Utterson, marked:

"Private: To be read by G. J. Utterson alone, and in the case of his predecease to be destroyed unread." Inside the envelope there was another

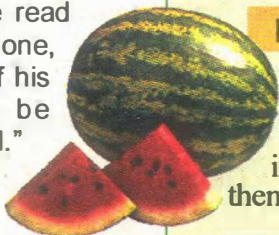
envelope marked, "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Henry Jekyll."

Mr. Utterson was utterly bewildered. "Disappearance!" Here was the same crazy word again as in Dr. Jekyll's 'Will' (which he had long before returned to the doctor). Thereafter, whenever the lawyer called at Dr. Jekyll's house, the butler said the doctor remained all the time in his study and did not even come out for his meals.

Months later, one Sunday afternoon, on one of their usual walks, Utterson and his friend Enfield passed Dr. Jekyll's house. As they looked up, they saw the doctor sitting at one of the windows of his study on the first floor. He looked like a sad, hopeless

Did You Know?

To find out if a watermelon is ripe, knock it, and if it sounds hollow then it is ripe.



prisoner. Utterson addressed him, asking him to come down. The doctor smiled sadly and was about to say something when an expression of sheer terror and despair came over his face. It was an expression which filled the two men below with a nameless fear. They had only a glimpse, for the doctor instantly withdrew his head and shut the window. The two friends were pale and both had a haunted look in their eyes. The mortal fear they had seen on Dr. Jekyll's face did not bear talking about. "God help us!" said Mr. Utterson. And they walked home in silence.

Weeks later, on a cold, windy March night, Poole came to see the doctor.

"Hello, Poole, what brings you here?" the lawyer exclaimed. "You look ill and scared."

"Oh, sir," cried Poole, "I am

so frightened, I've been frightened for a long time. Come with me, sir, and see for yourself."

When Mr. Utterson entered Dr. Jekyll's house, he was surprised to see all the servants huddled together before the fire in the hall. They looked so frightened.

"There's something very wrong, and I'm afraid there's been foul play," Poole said. As they approached the doctor's study, they heard a complaining voice.

"I can't see anyone," it said.

"Is that my master's voice?" Poole asked the lawyer.

"It sounded rather changed," Utterson replied.

"Changed? No, sir, master's been murdered, I fear. He was murdered eight days ago when we heard him cry out in terror. What we heard just now, is the murderer's voice. Why does

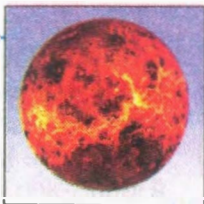


Did You Know?

The patent number of the telephone is 174465.

Did You Know?

The hottest planet in the solar system is Venus, with an estimated surface temperature of 864 F (462 C).



he stay in there?" Poole asked.

Mr. Utterson was utterly puzzled.

Poole continued, "All last week, whoever, or whatever, is in the study, has been moaning and crying out for some drug that he can't remember. The doctor, sir, used to write his orders for chemicals and drugs on sheets of paper and throw them on the steps for us to pick up. The orders have gone up this last week; sheet after sheet has been thrown on the steps. No chemist in town seems to be able to satisfy the person in the study. I've had to return stuff time and again on the grounds that it wasn't pure."

Mr. Utterson picked up one of the orders on the steps and read it. "For God's sake," the

order ended, "find me some of the old stuff you sent."

"I've seen him," added Poole.

"Seen whom, for Heaven's sake?" asked the lawyer in a fever of impatience.

"I went into the laboratory unexpectedly one night," Poole replied, "and whoever it is had slipped out from the study and was searching feverishly among the old boxes. When I came in, he gave a cry, and rushed up the steps into the study. Sir, it wasn't my master I saw, I'll take my oath on that," Poole continued. "My master is a tall, well-built man, and the figure I saw was more of a dwarf."

"I didn't see the face clearly, sir, but I'm sure that it was Mr. Hyde - a small, slight figure, the same quick movements."

Quick Quiz

'Lilliputian' refers to something quite small. What author wrote about Lilliput?

(See page 97)

Did You Know?

The doorbell was invented in 1831.

When I saw him I had that same feeling of horror and disgust, which I always felt when I saw Mr. Hyde."

(Utterson recalled that he too had had the same feeling when he had met Mr. Hyde in front of that dirty door.)

At last Poole and Utterson were left with no choice but to break down the door of the study. Armed with an axe and a heavy kitchen poker, they addressed themselves to the task, the other servants waiting outside armed with heavy sticks.

As they went up the steps to the study door, they could hear light quick steps inside.

"Listen, sir," whispered Poole. "Up and down, up and down. Whoever is in there, paces up and down all day and nearly all night."

The footsteps fell lightly and oddly, very different from the heavy step of Dr. Jekyll.

Poole added, "Once I heard weeping - like that of a woman or lost soul."

Now Mr. Utterson cried in a loud voice, "Open the door, Jekyll, or I'll break it down."

"Have mercy, Utterson. For Heaven's sake, have mercy," said a voice from within.

"That's not Jekyll's voice, Poole. Down with the door!" shouted the lawyer.

As they swung at the door with the axe and poked at the lock fiercely again and again, a terrified scream came from inside. Finally the door gave way and they stumbled into the study.

A body lay on its back in the middle of the floor. It was Edward Hyde. The bitter smell of cyanide convinced them that the wretch had committed suicide.

"Now let's search for Jekyll or his body," said Utterson. After

Quick Quiz

A 'misanthrope' is a sour type of person. Who wrote the work of the same name?

(See page 97)

about two hours of thorough search, they saw that nothing was hidden.

Looking through the papers on the desk, the lawyer came upon an envelope with his name on it. There were several enclosures in it. One of them was Dr. Jekyll's 'Will' rewritten to the effect that all the doctor possessed was to pass on his death or disappearance to Mr. Utterson. The next one was a letter in the doctor's handwriting addressed to Mr. Utterson. The letter said:

My dear Utterson,
When this falls into your hands, I shall have disappeared. My end is near. First you must read the account which Lanyon told me he would surely place into your hands. Then if you care to know more, you can read my story which I enclose with this letter and my 'Will'.

Your unworthy
and unhappy friend,
Henry Jekyll

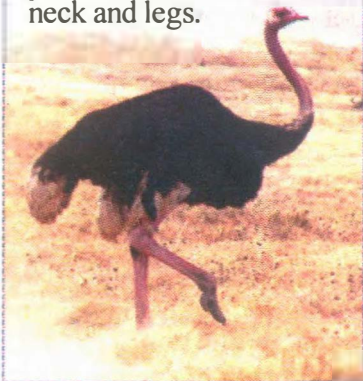
The third enclosure was a bulky packet of papers sealed in many places. The lawyer said, "I'll go home now,

Poole, and read all the documents I have. Then I'll return, and we'll send for the police."

Back home, Mr. Utterson locked himself inside his study. First he opened Dr. Lanyon's envelope with trembling fingers and read it. One of its contents was a letter to Dr. Lanyon from Dr. Jekyll. It had been written and posted somewhere away

Did You Know?

Ostriches do not need to drink - they can make their own water internally and get the rest from vegetation. They are the largest living birds, and are flightless, two-toed, with long, powerful neck and legs.



from Jekyll's house. The letter earnestly begged Lanyon to go to Jekyll's laboratory and take a drawer containing some chemicals, and bring it to Lanyon's house. Jekyll said his life was in danger and only Lanyon could save it. At midnight a man would call at Lanyon's house in Jekyll's name. He should be admitted and given the drawer containing the chemicals.

Mr. Utterson read this letter twice and then went on to what Dr. Lanyon had written. Mr. Utterson was in for the greatest shock and surprise of his life. He read the strange story of a very strange experiment.

Dr. Lanyon acted according to Jekyll's instructions and waited anxiously. On the stroke of midnight there was a knock on the door. Opening it, Lanyon found a small man crouching in the shadows. He said he had come from Dr. Jekyll, and entered Lanyon's consulting room with a furtive look around. At the sight of the

DID YOU KNOW?

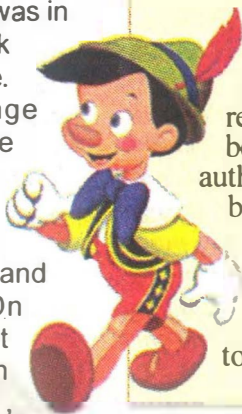
"The Adventures of Pinocchio" was first published as a serial in the 'Giornale dei Bambini'.

The story is about a wooden puppet carved by a friendly old man Gepetto. Suddenly one night the puppet comes to life. Alas the puppet is given to telling lies.

Fortunately for Pinocchio's education every time he tells a lie,

his nose begins to grow longer. So he has a good reason to start reforming his behaviour. The

author C. Collodi was born in Florence in 1826, the son of a cook and a servant. Collodi died in his hometown in 1890.



man, Lanyon felt cold and his pulse became irregular. The man was glad to see the drawer containing the chemicals. With a dreadful smile he sobbed aloud with relief. He measured out some

of the red liquid contained in a phial in the drawer and added one of the powders to it. The mixture bubbled and hissed. When it became still, it was purple, which faded slowly to a watery green. Now the man said to Lanyon, "If I drink it in your presence, new horizons will unfold before you. You've always ridiculed transcendental medicine. You've laughed at the idea that a drug could act on the spirit as well as the body of man."

"Drink it," said Lanyon. The man added, "Now I hold you to your oath as a doctor to regard what you'll see as a professional secret. Watch!"

He drank the mixture at one gulp. He reeled and staggered and gasped. His eyes went red and he breathed heavily. "And as I looked, there came a change. Slowly the features altered," Lanyon wrote. "I tried to cover my face from that horrible sight, my mind sinking in fear. 'O God!' I screamed, and 'O God!' again and again, for there before my eyes - his face grown white, shivering and

feeling blindly before him with his hands, like a man come from death, stood Dr. Jekyll!" (It was the most wonderful and incredible metamorphosis!)

Lanyon was shaken to the core. He could not sleep thereafter. He knew that death was very near.

"It is too awful," Lanyon says. "I shall never recover from the shock of what I saw and learnt that night. The creature who came into my house that night, I believe, was Edward Hyde - wanted by the police for the murder of Sir Danvers Carew. And, Utterson, in front of my eyes, he changed into Henry Jekyll!"

Although unable to recover from the shock and surprise caused by Lanyon's letter, Mr. Utterson was forced to read Dr.

QUIK QUIZ

We often speak of people who are 'quixotic' or 'tilt at windmills'. Who is the author involved?

(See page 97)

Jekyll's confession too (which was written at great length). He read:

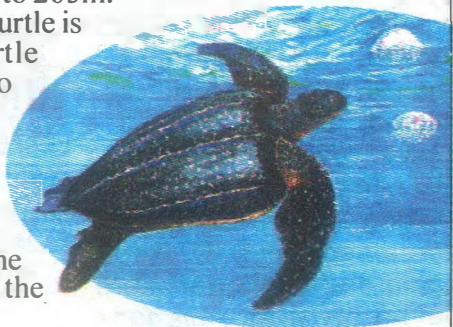
"I, Henry Jekyll, have always had two distinct aspects to my personality: one side of me was a serious person with high ideals, both personally and professionally; the other side of me was inclined not to innocent gaiety but to a certain wildness. I liked frequenting taverns, and the company of boisterous, disreputable men and women. I enjoyed these pleasures too much to wish to give them up, but as a doctor I was ashamed of them, so I kept them hidden. I was

leading a double life.

As my fame as a doctor grew, it seemed more and more important to me that I should conceal my pleasure-loving nature. My scientific studies and my knowledge of my own nature, convinced me that Man's body houses not one personality, not one spirit, but two personalities and two spirits - equally strong. And I began to day-dream of separating these two natures - one good and the other evil. This idea dominated my thoughts and I wanted to separate my evil nature and make it another individual. After much

Animals of the Deep

- The deepest-diving bird is the emperor penguin which reaches depths of up to 265m.
- The deepest-diving turtle is the leatherback turtle which dives down to 1200m.
- The deepest-diving mammal is the sperm whale which dives down to 1200m.
- Rat-tails are some of the deepest-living fish in the oceans.





Amnesty International was founded in 1961 to campaign for the release of 'prisoners of conscience'. By this they mean anyone who is imprisoned because of their religious or political beliefs. Amnesty International also fights against capital punishment, the use of torture, and abuses of basic human rights.

research and experiments in chemistry, I succeeded in completing the formula for a "wonder drug" that would effect that miracle. (I need not explain the details.) I ordered a large quantity of a certain salt. It was the last thing I required for my drug.

At last one day I put it to the test. I drank the drug and waited for the result. Dreadful pains gripped me. I gasped and groaned and struggled. Slowly I recovered. My body had become smaller, younger, and lighter. I felt that I was now a wicked being. I saw myself in a mirror as Edward Hyde. I wanted to test

if the drug would restore me to my former self as Dr. Jekyll. Nervously I drank another dose of the drug. Again the terrible pains, and I came to myself as Dr. Jekyll!

Now the better part of my nature, having been given greater scope, was more fully developed while my meaner nature, with only occasional outlets, was comparatively insignificant. That is why,

as you have seen, Hyde, the personification of my baser self, was a little man. And being purely evil, the very sight of him excited disgust and fear in others. If, however, I had truly wished my better nature to dominate, the drug would have separated the

QUICK QUIZ

The term 'Micawber' is often used to describe a person with a certain type of attitude. In which book by Charles Dickens does the character appear?

(See page 97)

good instead of the evil, and there would have been an angel in the place of Hyde.

As Hyde I enjoyed my evil life, and I could any time become Jekyll again by drinking another dose of the drug. My double life delighted me. I will not go into further details, for most of them are

already known to you, Mr. Utterson. But as time passed, it became increasingly easy for me to become Hyde, and my existence as Dr. Jekyll was at risk. One night I went to bed as Dr. Jekyll, and woke as Hyde without taking the drug!

The murder of Sir Danvers

About the Author

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

A charming personality and a beautiful style of writing are the outstanding characteristics of his life and work. He won fame as a writer of short stories, novels of adventure, essays, and poetry.

Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, the only child of wealthy parents. Although illness in childhood prevented him from attending school regularly, he entered the university at 17. His father, a famous engineer and builder of lighthouses, wanted him to follow that profession.

His early ambition was to become a writer. All through his boyhood and youth he wrote constantly, not for publication, but to learn how to write.

Wherever he went he carried two books, "one to read, and one to write in." By continuous practice, he slowly perfected his style and became a master of language.

An Inland Voyage, an account of a canoe trip through Belgium and France, started him on his literary career. This was followed by *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, a charming sketch of a journey on foot with a little gray donkey for a companion.

The first book to win popularity and give him distinction as a writer was *Treasure Island*. It is the story of a boy's exciting adventures on the mysterious island Captain Flint had buried his pirate gold. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, his most famous short story, was a still greater success. In this story the author takes up the problem of the struggle between the good and evil in man.

was an act of "motiveless malignity". The devil in me came out roaring. I had shut it up for long, and it came with a tenfold force. With devilish joy I beat him, tasting delight from every blow. Hyde enjoyed the thrill. But soon he realized that his life was in danger. So I decided to

remain as Dr. Jekyll thereafter.

However, one day, sitting on a bench in the park, evil thoughts tempted me. And Lo! I felt those dreadful pains and I was Hyde again! Jekyll's clothes hung loose about Hyde's small body ("like a giant's robe on a dwarfish

Stevenson was a master of the novel of adventure. The finest examples of this type are his three Scotch novels, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *David Balfour*.

Kidnapped was written for boys but adults are just as fascinated with the story, which is based on a historical incident, the Appin murder. *David Balfour* is a sequel to *Kidnapped*.

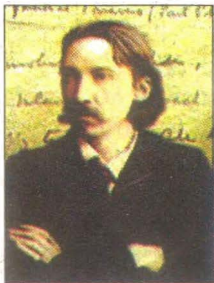
Happy memories of his own childhood led Stevenson to write *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which won him recognition as a poet. Many of these charming poems tell about his own pleasures and adventures as a child. He never lost his love of make-believe, which he pictures so delightfully in *The Land of Counterpane* and other poems in the collection.

Life for Stevenson

was an exciting adventure in spite of the fact that he was an invalid for more than 20 years, wandering from place to place in search of health. His last four years were spent in Samoa, at his beautiful estate, Vailima. Here he wrote the famous *Vailima Letters*, describing Samoan life. At the time of his death he was working on a novel, *Weir of Hermiston*, which promised to be his greatest work.

Stevenson is buried on a lonely mountain peak, overlooking the ocean. On the monument over his grave are the last three lines of his famous poem "Requiem":

*Here he lies where
he longed to be;
Home is the sailor,
home from the sea,
And the hunter
home from the hill.*



thief!). I, as Hyde, was in dire danger. I went into hiding till dark, then went to a mean hotel and engaged a room there. From there I wrote to Dr. Lanyon begging him to help me in my hour of danger. The rest of the story is already known to you - how Lanyon got the fatal shock of his life watching Hyde metamorphose into Dr. Jekyll!! Poor fellow, Lanyon, I never thought that

shock would kill him so soon.

Back in my own home as Dr. Jekyll, I felt safe and comfortable. But not for long. The symptoms of pain and trembling seized me every now and then, and I would be Hyde again, and I had to take even double doses of the drug to be Jekyll again.

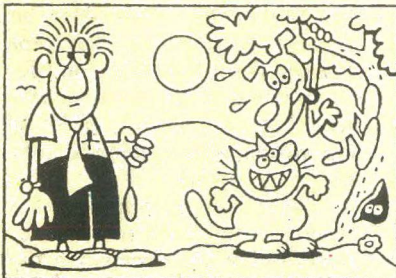
Hyde, Jekyll, Hyde, Jekyll.

From that day onwards, I had to take the drug almost continuously in order to remain Jekyll. Finally I ran out of my stock of that salt so essential for preparing the drug. I shall soon be Hyde again, to remain as Hyde. This, my friend, is the end of Dr. Henry Jekyll, destined to die as Hyde, perhaps on the gallows! Who knows?

Nemesis! Is it 'Nemesis' at work? - the deserving punishment for having indulged my evil self so long?"

**Try
It...**

Find six differences between these two panels.

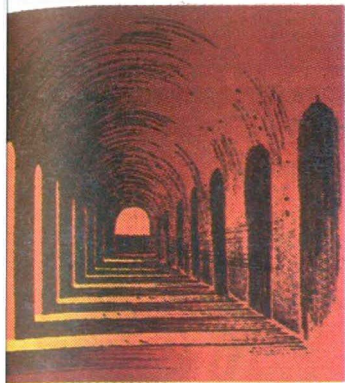


(See page 97)

- Adapted by **Prof.
James Joseph**

Monuments of India

St. Angelo's Fort



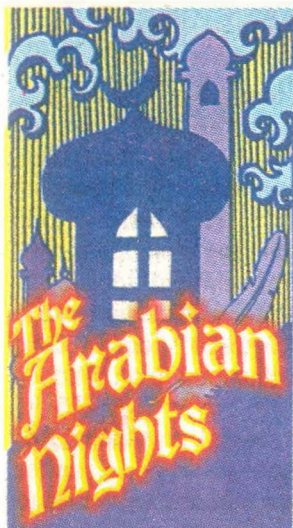
A massive triangular, laterite fort, replete with a moat and flanking bastions, St. Angelo's Fort, also called Kannur Fort, completed 500 years of existence in 2005. This historic fort, which witnessed many a bloody battle, stands as a monument to man's overweening ambition and bestial cruelty.

It was constructed by the first Portuguese Viceroy, Don Francisco de Almeida in 1505. The construction began on October 23, 1505.

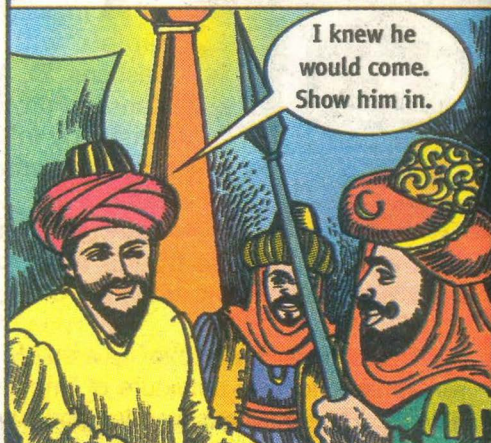
The fort was spread over an area of 11 acres. It was built out of red sandstone, with a mixture of lime, jaggery, and egg used for binding. The enormous wooden doors were studded with nails to prevent the enemy's elephants from battering them down. Evidences exist of several buildings inside the fortress. Apart from an armoury, a chapel and capacious barracks for a thousand soldiers, there were three dungeons, 15 ft. by 10 ft. wide, each having only a small hole as the vent for passing food and for ventilation. There were also seven gallows. The fort was surrounded by a crocodile-infested moat fitted with a drawbridge. Eight cannons, five of which bear the British seal, and cannonballs believed to be 500 years old, have been found at the fort.

In 1663, the Dutch captured the fort from the Portuguese and sold it to Ali Raja of Kannur (Cannanore, on the west coast of Kerala). In 1790 the British who seized control over the fort renovated and equipped it to be their most important military station in Malabar. Today, St. Angelo's Fort is a protected monument under the Archaeological Survey of India. It has been declared a heritage site by UNESCO.

The fort offers a fascinating view of the Moppila Bay, a natural fishing bay, and the five acre Dharmadom Island situated 100m away from the mainland in the Arabian Sea.

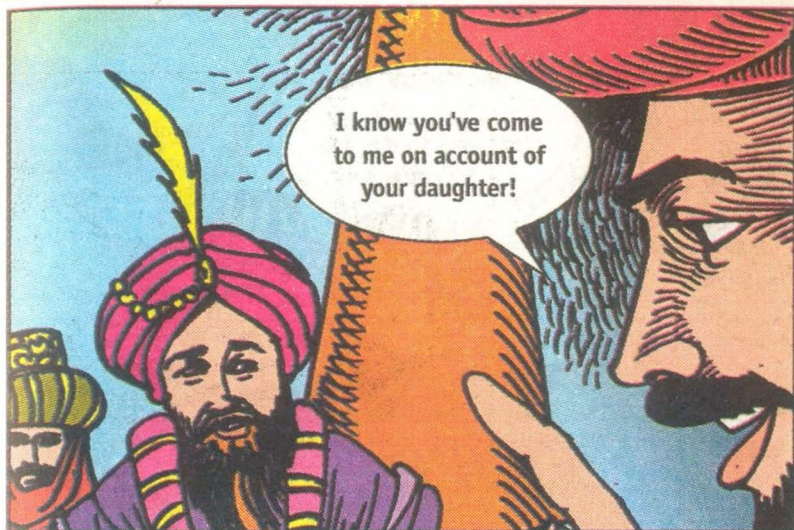


That evening, his disciples came running to announce the arrival of the Sultan.

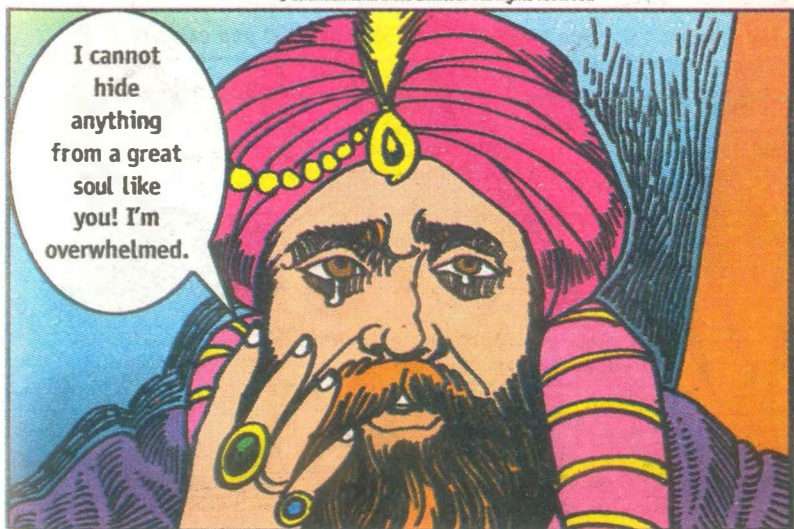


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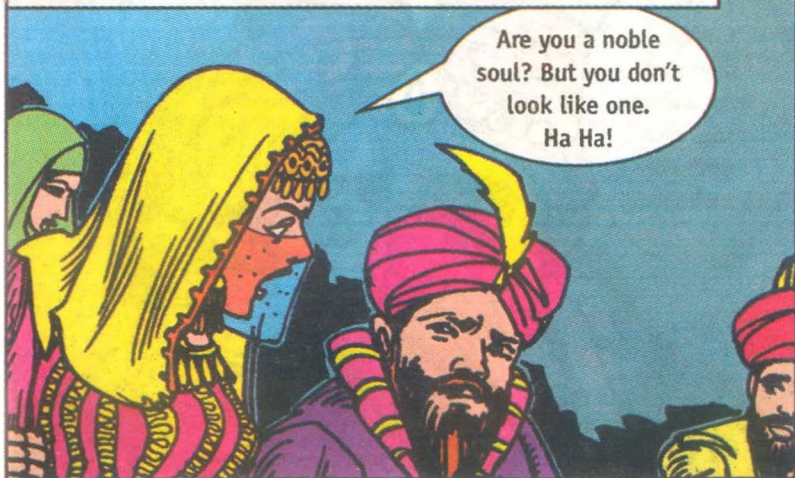
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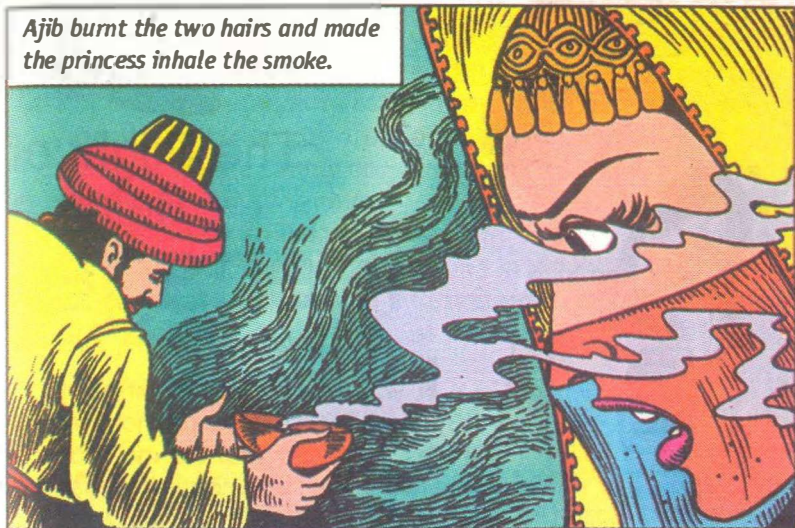


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The princess was soon brought there. She was wild and excited.



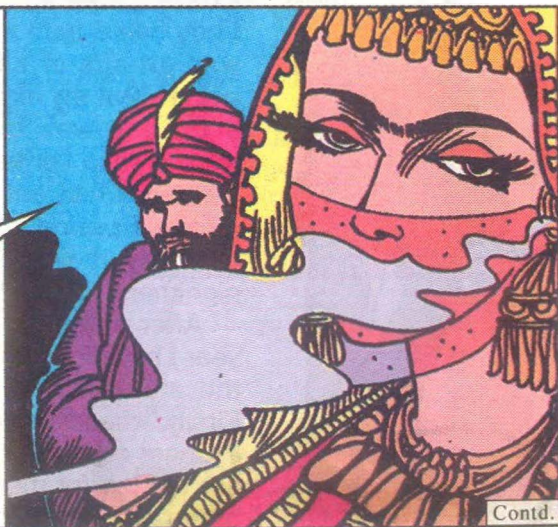
Ajib burnt the two hairs and made the princess inhale the smoke.



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*Suddenly, she
grew calm
and quiet.*

Amazing!

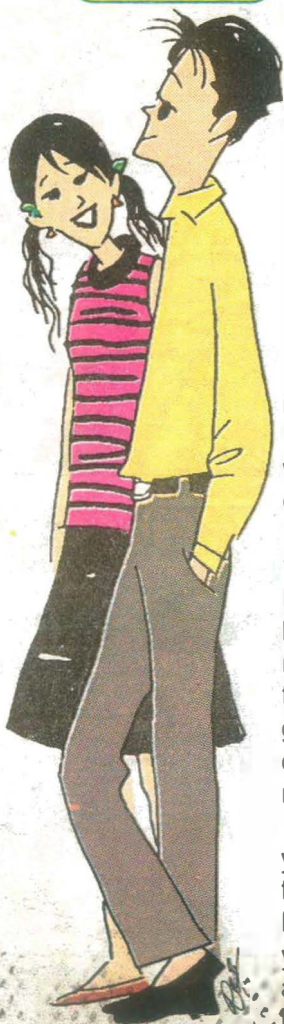


Contd.



The Plight of Being a Teenager

- Siddharth Tandon, Lucknow



It was my thirteenth birthday on 15th April 2005. Unlike previous years, it was a special year for me. For the last two years I was coming across the word 'teenager'. I did not know what it exactly meant but still I was excited as I had heard from many people that it was an age of changes in human beings. But my excitement was short lived and was overshadowed by misery when I entered the 'mirage' of thirteen. I had anticipated it to be a glorious period of my life. On the contrary it was proving to be a nightmare.

After entering into my thirteenth year I have found a distinct change in the attitude of people around me. Firstly, whenever I try to play with my younger cousins, they complain that I am too big for them. They generally prefer the company of my younger

brother and I feel isolated. The elders, on the other hand do not allow me in their talks saying I am too young. Sometimes, when I cannot do something, my mother says, "You have grown so big, you are 13 years old, a class 8th boy, and still you are not able to do this work."

On the other hand, when I try to intervene to give my views to the elders, I am rebuked. "You are just 13. You don't need to indulge in the talks of elders. Just get out of the room." When I am with boys of my age group, I am told, "Just watch your company. You are getting spoilt." So finally, I feel like a neglected person who is not fit in any company. My intelligent arguments are always contradicted. No one listens to my views even if they are correct. My parents forbid me to beat my 'rowdy'

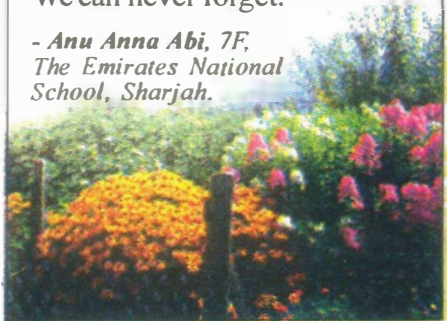
younger brother as he is small. But he takes full advantage of me and punches me whenever he wants and I am left helpless.

This 'teenager' age is proving to be a testing age for me in my life. Alas, I have to undergo so much trauma at the tender age of 13. No

Beautiful Flowers

Teachers are beautiful flowers,
That bloom in the garden of love
They are fairies of knowledge,
Who advise and guide us.
Teachers are wiser than us
They love, scold and cajole
Because they always love us
They are the lovely flowers,
In the banquet of our lives.
And these flowers are the ones
We can never forget.

- Anu Anna Abi, 7F,
The Emirates National
School, Sharjah.





wonder they call number 13 an unlucky number. And the day I came to know that the teen period goes up to the age of 19, I felt more miserable. But the only solace in my misery is that I am not alone in the cesspool. When I narrated my woes to some

of my close friends, they also dittoed my views and said that they had undergone similar experiences.

To add to my woes, when I asked my grandfather what a teenager is supposed to do, he smiled and gave a more confusing statement. "Since teenagers are too old to do the things that little children

Behold, I'm the monarch of perils,
Some call me devil, others term me as evil;
As I invade your world and yourselves
Like a parasite,

spreading my cancerous tentacles.

Choking your lungs, suffocating you,
Seeping through water, poisoning you;
Smothering you, annihilating you,
But, you prove to be guilty, only you.

Who have begetted me

by your greed for success,

And brought me up

by your nature heinous;

Over the earth, establishing your supremacy,
Without showing any regret or mercy.

By cutting down trees, exploiting every breeze;
Preferring machines over innocent animals that graze;
And not being grateful to your patrons, air and water;
Committing grave treachery against Mother Nature.



Pollution Speaks

*-Kulsum J. Sayyad, Std IX A, Holy Family Convent High School,
Vidyanagar, Karad - 415110., Maharashtra.*

Oh fire! You are so beautiful
Oh fire! You have many colours
Oh fire! You help us in making water hot
Oh fire! You help us in cooking food
Oh fire! You give us light
Oh fire! You keep us warm
But sometimes you are so naughty
Killing many animals and humans.



FIRE

-Govind U, Std VII D, Kendriya Vidyalaya, Thrissur.

do and not old enough to do things that adults do, they do things nobody else does.”

Finally, when I asked my ever-busy mother to tell me the meaning of teenager, she quipped, “It’s just an abbreviation.”

According to her the full

form of Teenager is-

T – Trackless

E – Erratic

E – Eager

N – Nagging

A – Argumentative

G – Grudging

E – Excited

R – Rash

I Assure You

If you read less and write more
If you talk less and study more
If you play less and think more
No doubt you will succeed for sure.
If you eat less and chew more
If you waste less and save more
If you ride less and walk more
Believe me you will be healthy for sure.
If you hate less and love more
If you order less and obey more
People then will love you for sure.



*- G. Harsha,
Std V, Ryan International
School, Bangalore.*



Pen Pals

1. Ashok Kumar(16), Jaimal House, Sainik Residential School, Chittorgarh, Rajasthan. H&I: Playing tennis, watching movies and swimming.
2. Priyana Sharma Pathak(13), C/o Nest Video Editing Pvt. Ltd., Palash Path, Senduri Ali, R. G. Baruah Road, Guwahati - 781024, Assam. H&I: Doing interior decoration, playing badminton and listening to music.
3. Hari Ram Poonia(16), Luv House, Sainik School, Chittorgarh, Rajasthan - 312001. H&I: Playing basket ball and horse riding.
4. Padmaja Choudhury(13), C/o Mahendra Choudhury, House No. 28, Rajgarh Bylane No. 12, Guwahati - 781007. H&I: Reading, writing and playing chess.
5. George Alex(14), 9A Montfort School, Yercaud, Salem - 636601. H&I: Playing tennis and listening to music.
6. Srilakshmi J. Menon(14), D/o Latha Menon, Vaishak, No. 86, Natraj Nagar, Ramanathapuram, Coimbatore - 45. H&I: Reading, watching TV and learning classical music.
7. Aishwarya Pratap Singh(16), Roll No. 3142, Taxila House, Military School Chail, Shimla Hills - 173217. H&I: Watching cricket and playing table tennis.
8. Umesh Chaudhary(17), S/o R. R. Chaudhary, 10/474, Khalasi Lane, Kanpur - 208001. H&I: Singing, reading and listening to music.
9. Rajender Singh(13), C. No. 3213, Taxila House, Military School Chail, Shimla Hills, H.P. H&I: Playing computer games and reading.
10. Lovleen Sharma(13), D/o S. P. Sharma, D-74 MMTC Colony, Mehrauli Road, New Delhi - 110017. H&I: Reading, drawing and cycling.
11. Abhiraj(17), Roll No. 3004, Nalanda House, Military School, Chail, Solan, Shimla Hills.- 173217. H&I: Collecting stamps, listening to music and friendship.
12. Sandeep Yadav, Roll No. 3093, XI A, Nalanda House, Military

Welcome to Pen Pals

CLUB

Send us particulars regarding your name and address, age, the standard you study, your hobbies and interests, to the following address

**Co-ordinator,
Pen Pals Club,
Children's Digest,
P. B. No. 7,
Kottayam-686001,
Kerala, India.**

- School, Chail, Solan, Shimla Hills - 173217. H&I: Collecting coins and stamps, reading and playing basket ball.
13. Sachin Mathew, 3949, 20th Main 6th Cross, Vijayanagar IIInd Stage, Mysore - 570017. H&I: Collecting coins, travelling and reading.
 14. G. Archana(14), Std VIII B, St. John's International Residential School, Nazarathpet, Chennai - 602103. H&I: Chatting, reading and listening to music.
 15. Sreevalsan K(14), Sreekrishna Nivas, Muliya P. O., Kasargod, Kerala - 671542. H&I: Collecting stamps and coins, reading and gardening.
 16. Justin John(17), Kizhakkedath, Kalpaka Gardens, Pathaikkara P. O., Perintalmanna, Malappuram, Kerala - 679322. H&I: Singing, acting and playing chess.
 17. S. F. Anmi(14), Sainik School Imphal, Imphal East, Manipur - 795001. H&I: Playing basket ball and collecting stamps.
 18. Shimon K. Chacko(15), Konickal, Ayarkunnam P. O., Kottayam, Kerala. H&I: Playing computer games, dancing and singing.
 19. Jonty Ganguly(19), 26E, Gasta Colony, Paschim Vihar, New Delhi - 110063. H&I: Reading, photography and listening to music.
 20. Abha Sharma(11), Nhb - 15, Cement Colony, Ranavav - 360560, Gujarat. H&I: Reading, friendship and Internet surfing.
 21. Kuriakose Muppathil(27), 1st Year Bachelor of Philosophy, Dharmaram College, Bangalore - 560029. H&I: Painting, reading and gardening.
 22. Aju Sam Sunny(15), Peace Cottage, Alancherry, Anchal, Kollam. H&I: Reading, listening to music and chatting.
 23. Mikhila Lizbet Mathew, Std IX B, J. N. V. Kannur, Kerala - 670692. H&I: Reading, dancing and playing table tennis.
 24. S. M. Ramanandan(15), Std IX B, Sainik School, Amravathi Nagar, Coimbatore - 642102. H&I: Listening to music, boxing and acting.
 25. Ishan Shankar(12), Qtr. No. 823, Laxmibai Nagar, New Delhi - 110023. H&I: Reading, playing cricket and telling jokes.
 26. Anand Priyadarshi(15), 20/A, Alipur Road, Civil Lines, Delhi - 110054. H&I: Listening to music, reading and playing cricket.
 27. K. Gagandeep(14), Std IX, Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Bellary, Chekkajogihalli, Karnataka - 583126. H&I: Reading, watching T. V. and playing cricket.
 28. R. Santosh Kumar(14), Std IX, Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Bellary, Chekkajogihalli, Karnataka - 583126. H&I: Playing cricket, watching T. V. and skating.





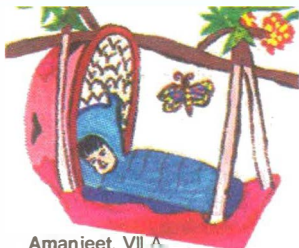
YOUNG ARTISTS



G. Ronak Mehta, V B, Sharada English School, BH Road, Arsikere, Hassan Dt., Karnataka.



Vanessa L. D'silva, St. Agnes High School, Bombay.



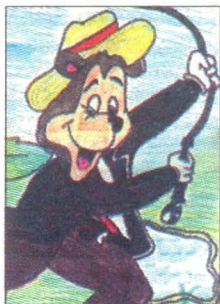
Amanjeet, VII A, Bhavan's Gandhi Vidyashram, P.O. Box No. 9, Kodaikanal.



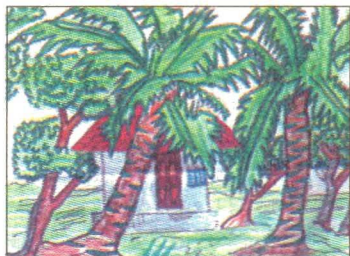
Anjali Gopakumar, V B, K. V. No. 1, Mangalore.



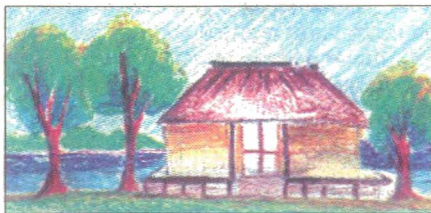
D. Muthu Pandi, Tagore Vidhyalaya Matriculation School, Tirupur, Coimbatore Dt.



Akshita Sinha, II A, Ryan International School, D-46 B, Sector-39, Noida-201301.



Vimol Dodum, V, VKV Senjoza, East Kameng, A.P.



L.K. Nithya, VII B, Kendriya Vidhyalaya school, Port Blair.



Sharath D., IX C, Lourdes Mount Hr. Sec. School, Vattappara, Trivandrum.



Sumi Rose John, X, St. Mary's H.S., Kanjirappally.



Simran Kaur, II B,
Laxman Public School,
Houz Khaz-110016.



**Poorvi
Nayak, I A,**
Campco
Qrts, No. A 7,
Near Kankanady
Rly Stn., Bajal, Padil,
Mangalore-575007.



**Princee Chawla, Ryan International
School, Site-1 Sector-40, Gurgaon,
Haryana-122001**



**Shreya Gupta, Ryan
International School,
Site-1 Sector-40, Gurgaon,
Haryana-122001**



**Ayushi Sharma, Ryan International
School, Site-1 Sector-40, Gurgaon,
Haryana-122001.**



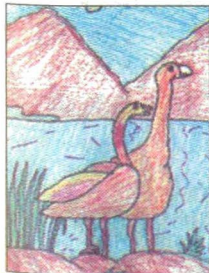
**Animol Jose, VII A, St.
Mary's GHS, Kuravilangad.**



**Angel Felix, IV, Bethany
Academy, Vennikkulam.**

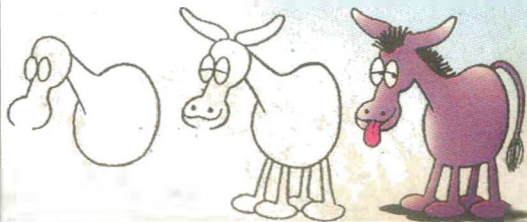


**Naima, IV E, Ryan
International School, D-46 B,
Sector-39, Noida-201301.**



**Abilash, VII B, Bhavan's
Gandhi Vidyalayam, P.O.
Box No. 9, Kodaikanal.**

How to Draw a donkey



GORILLA PALACE

INSPECTOR NITISH SHANKAR-

STOP
FIRING!



PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME.

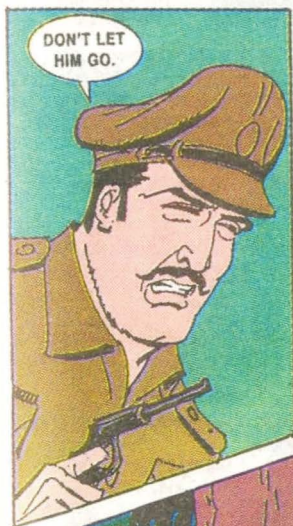
PANIC-STRICKEN HEMA
STRUGGLED IN THE STRONG
HANDS OF THE GORILLA.



NEXT MOMENT-

OOF!





STILL NEMA-

SIR, PLEASE
DON'T HARM THAT
CREATURE.

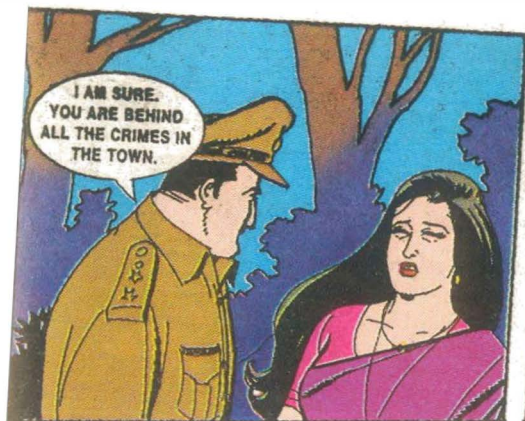
BY THEN THE GORILLA HAD VANISHED.

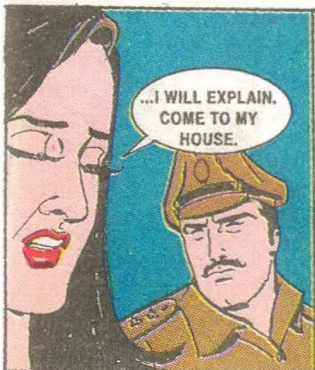
BAH!

TELL THE
TRUTH. WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

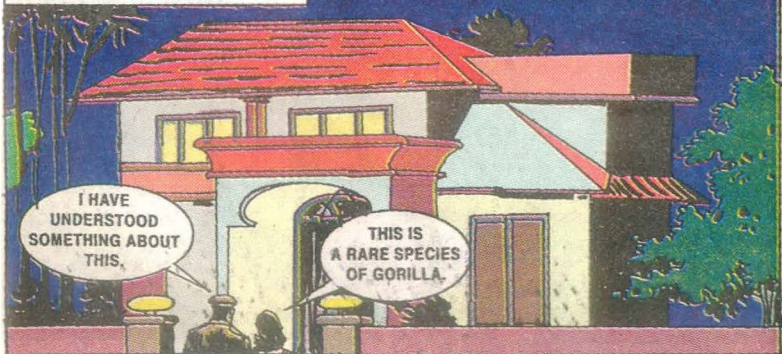
TELL ME.

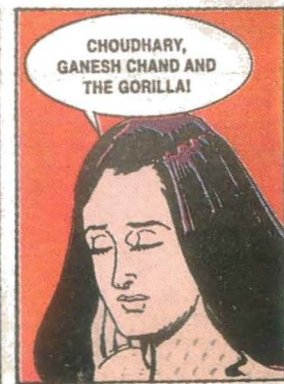
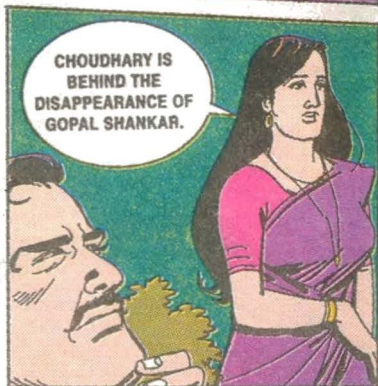
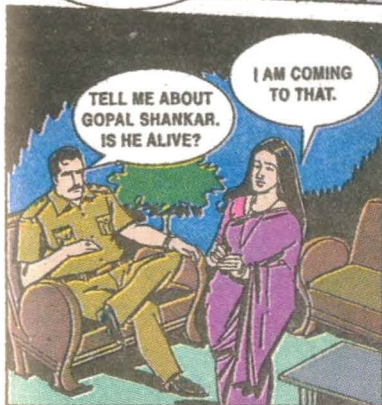
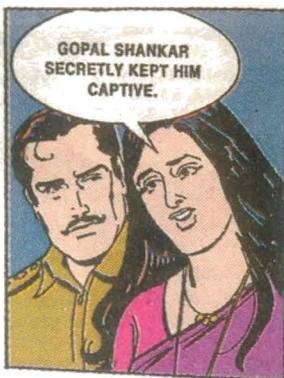
SIR, PLEASE
DON'T ASK ME
THAT.

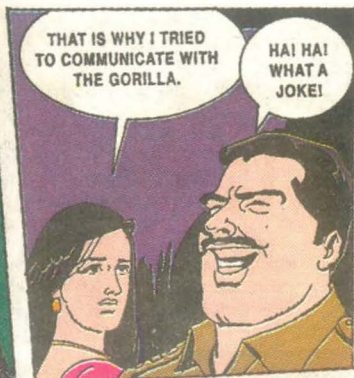
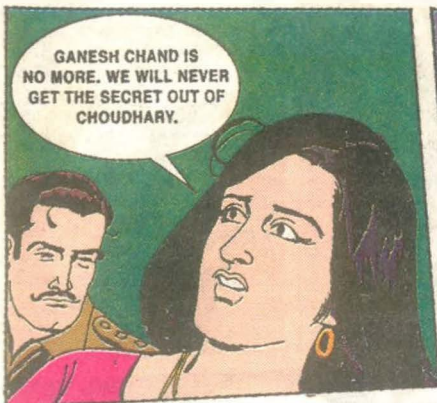




SOON AT HEMA'S HOUSE-

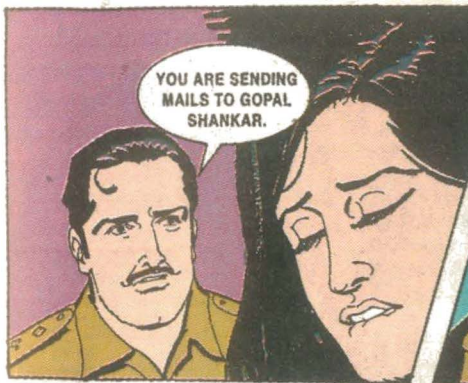




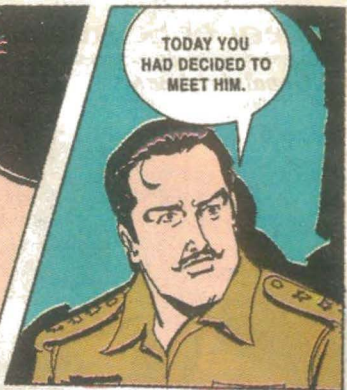


HEMA'S BLOOD CURDLED.





YOU ARE SENDING
MAILS TO GOPAL
SHANKAR.



TODAY YOU
HAD DECIDED TO
MEET HIM.

HEMA STOOD FROZEN.
THEN-



YES SIR,
YOU ARE GREAT!
BRILLIANT! YOU HAVE
FOUND THE TRUTH.



I WAS LYING TILL
NOW. BUT EVERYTHING
WAS FOR THE SAKE
OF GOOD.

© JINGLE BELL CREATIONS



JUST TO SAVE
THAT GREAT MAN,
GOPAL SHANKAR, WHO
CAME TO ME IN THE FORM
OF THAT GORILLA.

(To be continued)

Gallery of Scientists

- P. Gopalakrishnan



Elizabeth
Lee Hazen (left)
and Rachel Fuller Brown

Elizabeth Lee Hazen (1885-1975) and Rachel Fuller Brown (1898 -1980)

(Discoverers of Nystatin)

Nystatin is an antibiotic which is also an anti-fungal. Scientists had to search for a drug that worked as both because many antibiotics caused side effects such as sore mouth, itching, inflammation and sometimes more serious ailments. So

started the research to find a drug that destroyed the bacteria as also the fungi. Two remarkable women scientists undertook this research jointly and succeeded. They were Elizabeth Lee Hazen and Rachel Fuller Brown, both

from the USA.

Elizabeth was born in Rich, a city in the southern state of Mississippi in 1885 as one of three children. She was orphaned at the age of three. The children first lived with their maternal grandmother and then with their paternal uncle who had three of his own children.

After attending a one-room school Elizabeth joined the college which is known now as the Mississippi University for Women. On completing her study there she taught high school physics and biology for a time in Jackson, Mississippi. During her teaching days she enrolled in summer studies at the University of Tennessee and the University of Virginia. Later she moved to New York City to attend the Columbia University and took her M.Sc. in Biology from there.

She enrolled at the Columbia College of Physicians & Surgeons to study medical bacteriology. Meanwhile World War I started with America joining the war. She took a long break

from her studies to serve in army diagnostic labs in Alabama and New York. When the war was over she worked as Assistant Director of the clinical lab of a hospital in Western Virginia.

In 1923 she returned to the College of Physicians & Surgeons to resume her

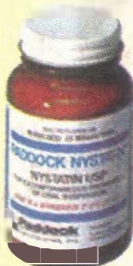
Riddles

What is black when you buy it, red when you use it, and gray when you throw it away?

(See page 97)

studies. She took her Ph.D. in microbiology four years later. After taking her doctorate she worked in both clinical and teaching positions at Columbia's Presbyterian Hospital and the College of Physicians & Surgeons.

In 1931 Dr. Hazen was offered a position by the New York State Department of Public Health, as the Head of its Bacterial Diagnostic Laboratory. She accepted the offer and



shifted to New York. In 1934 she was chosen to lead a research about fungi.

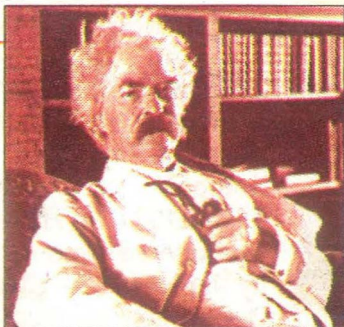
She felt she required a deeper knowledge in the subject on which she was chosen to lead the research. So she took a course on mycology (study of fungi that cause disease) at her old college, the College of Physicians & Surgeons before commencing the research.

She set up a collection of disease-causing fungi sent to her by physicians from all over New York State, to begin the search for an antibiotic which was also an antifungal. The research, to be

successful, required the participation of a talented chemist along with Dr. Hazen, the talented microbiologist. Gilbert Daldorf, the new head of the division in the Department of Health, chose Dr. Rachel Fuller Brown working in a lab in Albany.

Rachel Fuller Brown was born in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1898. When she was in school the family left Springfield for Webster Groves, Missouri. When she was twelve the parents separated and her mother moved back to Springfield taking Rachel and her brother with her.

On completing school Rachel attended Mount



predicted in 1909 that he would die when it returned. He was right. When Mark Twain died on April 21, 1910, Halley's comet was once again visible in the sky.

Did You Know?

When Mark Twain was born on November 30, 1835 – Halley's comet was visible in the sky over Florida, Missouri. Aware that he was born when Halley's comet was visible, Mark Twain

Holyoke College. The expenses were met through a loan and the aid given by a wealthy friend of her grandmother, a generous lady who saw to it that Rachel had everything a student of the college should normally have.

She took history as her major subject at first. But under the influence of Dr. Emma Perry Carr, Head of the Department of Chemistry, and known for the excellence of her teaching, she took chemistry and history. On completing Mount Holyoke, she joined the University of Chicago for higher studies, as advised by Dr. Carr.

Here too her generous patroness aided her. She also worked to pay her way through the college, by assisting in a laboratory. She took her M.Sc. in chemistry and found a job as teacher at a school for girls near Chicago. She worked three years at the school and with the money she saved

Did You Know?



Avian influenza (also known as bird flu, avian flu, is a flu due to a type of influenza virus that is hosted by birds, but may infect several species of mammals. It was first identified in Serbia Montenegro in the early 1900s and is now known to exist worldwide. A strain of the H5N1-type of avian influenza virus that emerged in 1997 has been identified as the most likely source of a future influenza pandemic.

returned to the university to take her Ph.D. in Chemistry.

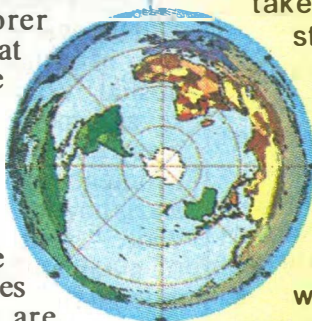
She worked hard for her doctorate during the two years necessary to complete the study and submitted her thesis. But for some reason unknown to her its acceptance was delayed. To receive the Ph.D. the thesis had to be accepted, followed

by a report on her work, and an oral test.

There was little time to wait for the Ph.D. Rachel had spent all her money and soon

Did You Know?

‘Great God! This is an awful place,’ wrote the British explorer Captain Scott at the South Pole on January 17, 1912. The average temperature at the South Pole is -50°C and the low temperatures in Antarctica are made worse by blizzards - high winds that whip up powdery snow and reduce visibility to zero.



she would have to take care of her mother and grandmother. At this critical juncture she received an offer of a job as chemist from the New York State Department of Health for their lab in Albany. She accepted it, and at least for the time being gave up all thought of Ph.D. and left Chicago for Albany.

Seven years later she received the Ph.D. She was at Chicago, to attend a meeting of scientists. The professor who had delayed the acceptance of her thesis was also there and they met. He suggested that she stay in Chicago for a week and take the test. She stayed, her thesis was accepted and the oral test given. Thus Rachel Brown got her Ph.D. seven years after the study and when she least expected it!

It was in late 1940 that Dr. Brown joined Dr. Hazen in the search for an anti-fungal antibiotic. Dr. Hazen had already made a study of actinomycetes which are micro-organisms found in certain soils, from which several antibiotics have been obtained. The two doctors worked as a team, though stationed at places distant from one another, one in New York and the other in Albany. It was a unique teamwork, a long-distance collaboration in

scientific research through the mail.

From soil samples Dr. Hazen would remove the actinomycete and send it to Dr. Brown to see if the latter could isolate the antibiotic from it. The antibiotic had to be tested for anti-fungal property as well. It wasn't enough that it was just anti-fungal. It should not lose its potency during processing. So a sample went through several tests, analyses and processes, travelling through post across long distances, from one lab to the other, from one scientist to her co-researcher. Finally the two researchers discovered a chemical that passed all the tests. They named it Nystatin. It was the world's first useful anti-fungal antibiotic. It was found to cure many disfiguring, disabling

Did You Know?

In 1888, 246 people died because of a hailstorm in Moradabad, India.

fungal infections and could be combined with anti-bacterial drugs to balance their effects. Nystatin was also found useful in preserving works of art from molds.

Dr. Hazen and Dr. Brown donated all nystatin royalties to academic science through the non-profit Brown-Hazen Research Fund. The royalties amounted to more than 13 million dollars by the time the patent expired.

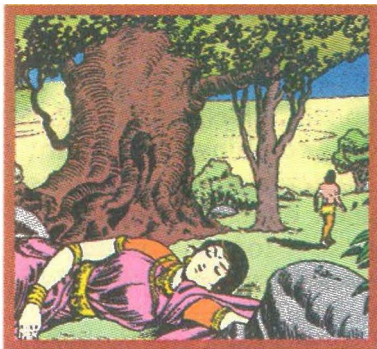
Brown and Hazen continued their collaboration in research until Hazen died on January 24, 1975. They received the Chemical Pioneer Award from the American Institute of Chemistry in 1975.

Brown was active in chemical research until January 14, 1980, when she died in Albany.

Did You Know?

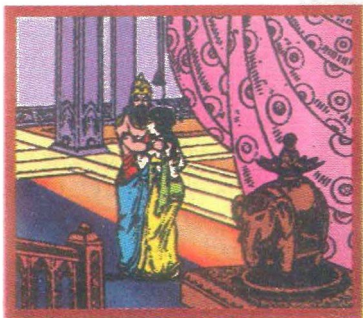
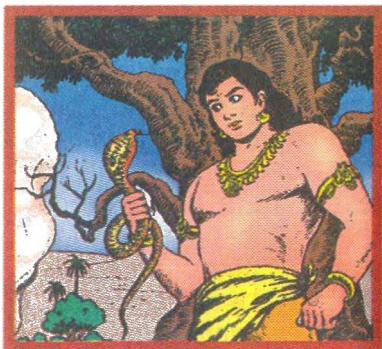
Letter boxes were invented by the Frenchman Francois Velay in 1653.



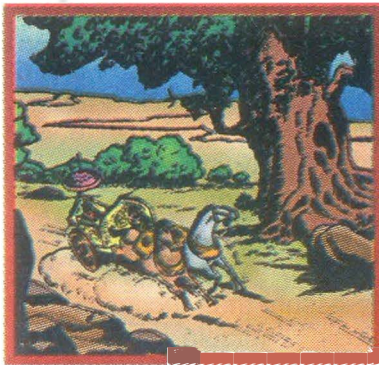


Wandering in the forest, Nala saw a snake trapped in a fire. He rescued the half-dead snake, only to be bitten by it! The poison caused him to assume a new hideous, unrecognisable form. But the snake assured him, "Don't worry – my poison will torment Kali, who is within you, and force him out."

Kali, the Being of Falsehood, had been another participant at the swayamvara. He was jealous of Nala and decided to punish him. Nala became possessed of him. He lost his kingdom in a game of dice. He took refuge in the forest. Under Kali's influence, Nala deserted Damayanti while she was asleep.



After many ordeals, Damayanti managed to return to her father. She yearned to be reunited with her beloved Nala. She came to know that he was working under an assumed name, Baahuka, as King Rituparna's charioteer. Damayanti thought of a plan to bring him back to her.



As per her instructions, her father sent a messenger to Ritupama, informing him that a *swayamvara* would be held for his daughter's remarriage. Ritupama knew that his new charioteer was extremely skilled with horses. He asked him to drive fast so as to reach Vidarbha in time for the *swayamvara*.

The chariot had just reached Vidarbha when, tormented by the poison in Nala, Kali suddenly left his body. Nala was now transformed back into his noble self once more. His ordeals were at an end.



They proceeded to the palace, where Nala was reunited with Damayanti, to the great joy of everybody. Later, Nala won back his kingdom and fortune. He and Damayanti lived happily ever after.

Research Supports Vegetarian Food

Research conducted at the Imperial College, London shows that people who eat more protein from vegetables tend to have lower blood pressure. The researchers made a study of 4680 people aged between 40 to 59 years from four countries. Judging from their food records and urine samples it was found that those who ate more vegetable protein were likely to have a lower blood

pressure than those who ate less vegetable protein. The reason may be the presence of more amino acids in vegetable protein than in animal protein.

Amino acids have been shown to influence blood pressure. Other dietary components such as magnesium found in vegetables may also be interacting with amino acids to lower blood pressure.

Obesity Should be Treated in pre-teen Years

A study made at the Children's Hospital Medical Center, Ohio, USA, indicates that early treatment of pre-teen obesity could reduce the risk of developing excess body weight, high blood pressure, high blood sugar and high cholesterol levels which are risk factors leading



to heart diseases and diabetes. The findings are based on a study of 1000 girls for ten years starting at ages 9 and 10.

The study focused on high waist circumference, high glucose, high triglycerides, low level of 'good' cholesterol, and high blood pressure. High waist circumference and high triglycerides emerged as significant factors pointing at the possibility of developing the ailments. "Thus taking action in adolescence could provide major health benefits," conclude the researchers.

Nano Bacteria

Scientists at the Kuopio University in Finland report the existence of Nano-sized (very minute) bacteria. According to them nano bacteria are the cause of many diseases and their presence has been detected in the process of the formation of kidney stones. But scientists at the University of Copenhagen in Denmark dispute the existence of nano-bacteria. They argue that life cannot exist in so

small a scale.

Using Chemistry to Bait Fish

An American physician called Milan Jeckle has used Chemistry to invent a new product to catch fish. It is called *Fool-a-Fish* and comes in a bottle that sprays titanium dioxide on fishing lures and baits.

The chemical lights up the watery depths luring fish from as distant as 800 meters away. Dr. Jeckle, who combined his love of Chemistry and love of outdoors into a business venture, says about his invention: "You catch three or four times more fish and the biggest fish."

The product has already caught market attention and its sale is growing from Alaska to Florida. That it might contribute to the depletion of fish species in America's waterways doesn't seem to trouble the inventor.





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Articles will be acknowledged only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Children's Digest,
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SCARECROW Game

1st Prize Winners

1. Leena Pande
Std IV B
Ryan International School
Sector 21 B,
Faridabad - 121001.
2. Maneesha Rajesh
'Sarovaram'
Peringavu Road
Thrissur - 680018.

Consolation Prizes

3. Sumaiya Fatima
D/o C. Akhila Begum
Door No 22/1
M. D. Block, Malleshwaram,
Bangalore - 3.
4. Aakash Sethi
C/o Dr. Aashish Sethi
5/A Puneet Nagar
New Sama Road
Baroda, Gujarat - 390008.
5. A. Benil
Nirmala Sadan
Potta P. O.
Chalakudy, Thrissur - 680722.

**Congratulations,
dear young
winners!**



FUN TIME

Win
Attractive
Prizes!

MAGAZINE

Game

Hello little friends,

Here is an interesting game for you - a 'Fun Game' that brings to you wonderful gifts. So, get started and win your gifts.

Find out how many smaller words you can form from the word



MAGAZINE

**Attractive
Prizes!**

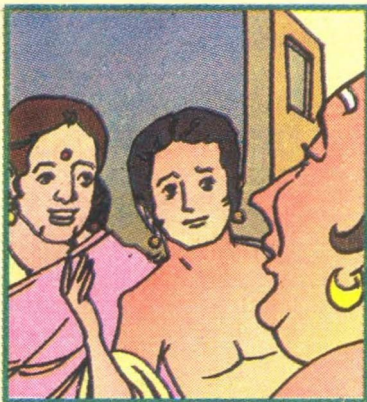
Two entries with the highest number of words will get a surprise gift. Besides, there are three consolation prizes, too!

So rush your answers on a postcard to:

**The Editor, Fun Time, Rashtra Deepika Children's Digest,
P.B. No. 7, Kottayam, Kerala.**

N.B.: Don't forget to put your address on the card. Also please don't repeat any letter more than the number of times it has appeared in the word.

The Mango Miracle - 2



Pundit Viswanath and his wife were surprised to see their son back so soon from his stay in the *gurukula*. "Have you finished your studies already, son?" he asked.

"Yes, Father!" answered Sasank, his eyes gleaming. "Just wait till you find out what I have learnt!" To their astonishment, he then produced a bag of mangoes and pressed a mango each into their hands. "Just eat, and tell me how you like the taste!" he urged.

The parents did so, and were entranced by the divine sweetness of the fruit. Sasank informed them that he had learnt

a magic *mantra* by which he could gather a hundred mangoes every day from any mango tree, and irrespective of the season. The parents rejoiced at their son's good fortune.

That day, Sasank and his family feasted on as many mangoes as they could eat, and gave away the rest to their relatives and neighbours. All of them heaped praise on Sasank. But Sasank was already thinking of how best he could capitalise on his talent. The next morning, he collected mangoes in a basket and took them to the market to sell. People were delighted to see the out-of-season fruit and in less than an hour, all the mangoes were sold out.

The next morning,



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immediately on entering the market, Sasank was mobbed by eager buyers who had tasted the previous day's mangoes, and wanted more at any price. As days went by, Sasank did



not have to go to the market to sell mangoes – buyers crowded around his house, paying fabulous sums for them. Sasank gloated over his fortune, thinking, 'I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams! Would I have been able to earn even a fraction of this amount if I had devoted myself to studies and become a scholar?'

As days passed, the news of Sasank's miraculous achievement spread far and wide. People took him to be a yogi with magical powers, and he did nothing to disabuse them. They bowed to him respectfully and made offerings in cash and kind to him. He accepted everything as his due. Within a few months, he had

shifted to a mansion, where an army of servants ministered to his every comfort.

He basked in the adulation of the people. But more was still to come. One day, two richly-attired men met him and said, "We're messengers from the king's court. The king has heard that you can perform a great miracle. He desires to meet you. We've brought a chariot to take you back to the palace; please come with us."

Sasank was overwhelmed with joy. What a great honour! If he managed to impress the king, the sky would be the limit as far as his fame and wealth were concerned. Under the king's patronage, he would become the most respected figure in the land!

Still day-dreaming of the glorious future that awaited him, Sasank dressed himself in his best clothes and proudly stepped into the carriage that awaited him. He



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did not forget to inform everyone he saw that he had been summoned by no less a personage than the king himself.



At the court, the king welcomed him cordially and said, "Young man, tell me, how did you acquire this wonderful power at such a young age?"

For a moment, Sasank hesitated. How could he possibly tell the king the truth – that he had learnt the secret *mantra* from a humble villager? His hesitation lasted for only a moment. Then, he decided on his strategy. "Your Majesty, I went to the Himalayas and performed intense penance for five years, before my guru taught it to me!"

"Oh, I see!" said the king. Sasank swelled up in pride as he saw the awe and respect in the eyes of the courtiers.

"Sasankji, would you mind

demonstrating your miracle now?" asked the king politely. "You can choose any mango tree in the royal garden."

"By all means, Your Majesty!" said Sasank, elated. Here was his chance to impress the king and secure his patronage!

The king and his entourage escorted Sasank to the garden. Servants held silk sheets to catch the mangoes before they fell to the ground.

Sasank then walked up to the tree and recited the *mantra*. Everyone present looked up to the foliage, expecting any moment to see the mangoes falling down.

Alas! Nothing happened.



With increasing panic, Sasank repeated the *mantra* once, twice, several times, until he was hoarse. But the tree did not yield even one fruit! Sweating profusely, he

looked around in despair, muttering, "My God! Why isn't the *mantra* working today?"

"Hmmm!" said the king sternly, glaring at him. "I suspected something fishy at the very outset. You don't have the noble bearing or the humility of a true ascetic. Tell me the truth – did you really acquire the power by



meditating in the Himalayas, or have you been performing some black magic to fool the people? Beware – if I find that you've lied, I shall have you beheaded!"

At this threat, the last vestiges of Sasank's courage came crumbling down. He threw himself at the king's feet and cried, "Forgive me, my lord! I lied to you. It was no *yogi* from the Himalayas who taught me the *mantra*, but a poor, low-born villager!" He then stammered out the whole story.

"I understand everything

now!" said the king. "This is your divine punishment for having violated both the rules your teacher enjoined upon you. When you broke the first rule, you were forgiven but when you violated the second, too, by telling a lie, your power was forfeited. As I see it, the only way out for you now is to go back to your teacher and seek his pardon. Perhaps, the *mantra* may work again."

Sasank sought out Ramdas, fell at his feet, and begged him to restore his lost power. But the old man said, "I'm helpless; only God can do that. Let's pray to him."

His prayers notwithstanding, Sasank never regained his power to produce mangoes. He could only rue his own avarice and pettiness which had brought him to disgrace. "Never shall I be so greedy again!" he vowed.

- Retold by **Rajee Raman**



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Where Love Is, There Beauty Is

It was the Raja's birthday. The capital of the State wore a festive look. Colourful flags fluttered from flagposts set up all along the route. Guards stood on the roads, controlling the crowds.

Around ten in the morning, the Raja set out from the palace. He rode through the town in a chariot drawn by six majestic horses. Thousands of people lined up the route to hail their ruler. They cheered him loudly. They repeated the words, "*Jaya Vijayi Bhava*." The Raja waved to them. He was happy to note that the people loved him.

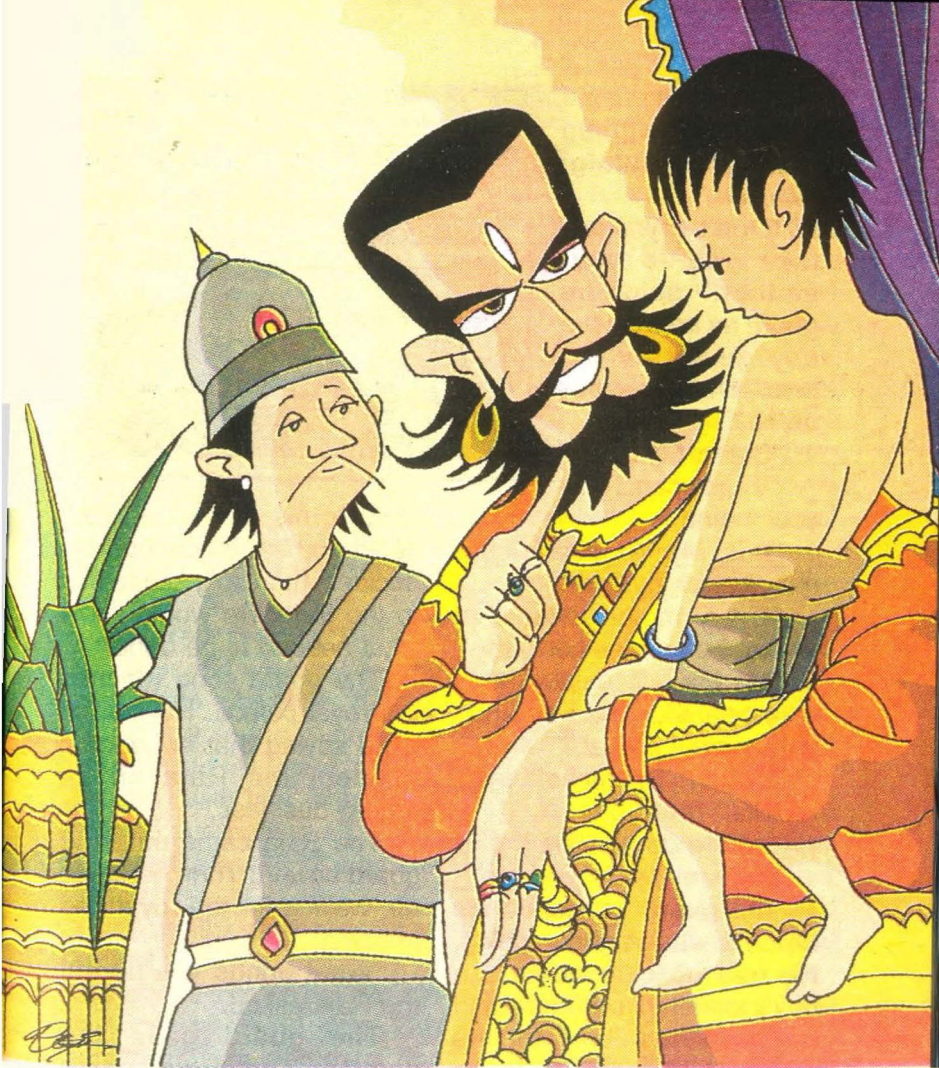
He knew how to earn their love. He was kind and generous, and he always helped those in need. He met one and all. Nobody was turned away from his palace without a hearing. And he always did what was right.

The procession ended at the temple. The Raja prayed to the deity for long life and prosperity. He sought divine help to rule the land justly. Then he rode back in the chariot to the palace.

Did You Know?

Dalai Lama is a Mongolian word meaning "great ocean."

The people now headed for the fair grounds. Shops were set up all around the ground. There were also merry-go-rounds and swings and seesaws for children to play.



The crowd milled all around. It was hard for people to hold on to children. A few children got separated from their parents. The guards came to their help. They succeeded in restoring many children to their families.

A three-year-old child got separated from his mother. The

guard on duty found the boy wailing loudly, shouting, "Ma, Ma."

"Don't cry. I will take you to your mother," said the guard as he held the boy gently by the arm. "What is your name?"

"Star of My Eyes."

"That can't be your name."

"It is. My Ma always calls me, Star of My Eyes."

"Every mother does that when she fondles her baby."

"My Ma is special. She is very beautiful. No woman is as beautiful as her."

"What is her name?"

"Ma."

"Where do you live?"

"With my Ma."

The guard scratched his head. It was very confusing. He had no clue about the boy's identity. How then could he lead the boy to his mother? Nor did he know where she lived. How could he then take the boy to his mother? The guard was at his wits end. He thought out ways and means to restore the

Bonnie and Booboo



child to his mother. But he could not find a way out. He decided, then, to take the boy to the Raja. He would know what needed to be done.

The guard soon reached the royal palace. He sent in word saying that he wanted to meet the Raja on an urgent business.

The Raja came out. The guard bowed. Then he stood up, waiting for the royal nod to speak.

"What brings you here?" the Raja asked.

The guard gave the details. The Raja came forward, lifted the boy in his arms and asked, "Tell me, what's your name?"

"Star of My Eyes," said the boy, repeating what he had



told the guard.

The Raja asked the boy where he lived, who his mother was. The boy answered readily. But the answers did not provide any hint as to where his mother could be found. The Raja then asked the guard to leave the boy with him. The guard bowed and walked off.

The Raja sent for a palace official.

"Send the drum beaters all round the town. Tell them to announce that we have found a three-year-old boy. The mother may come to the palace. If the boy recognizes her as his mother, he goes with her."

The drummers went round, taking the Raja's

message to every part of the city.

Some time later, a very charming woman arrived at the royal palace. She was led to the presence of the Raja. He made her wait. Then he went behind a curtain. The boy was sitting on a chair. He was

looking out through a small hole in the curtain.

"Is that your mother?" the Raja asked.

"She is not as beautiful as my mother," the boy said.

The Raja sent the woman back. "The boy says you are not his mother," he said.

A dozen women came. Each one was attractive. One had lovely curly hair, another was fair and beautiful, a third had velvety smooth skin, while yet another was tall and lithe. Yet the boy always said, "She is not as beautiful as my mother."

Dusk was falling fast. Still there was no sign of the boy's mother. Finally a woman in rags walked in. She was far from beautiful. Her face was

Quiz of the Month

- Prof. N.G.J.

1. *I slept and dreamt that life was joy,
I awoke and saw that life was service
I acted and behold, service was joy."*

Who was the poet who wrote these immortal lines?

2. What is a group of owls called?
3. Who commanded the Allied forces during the World War II Normandy campaign in 1944?
4. In Greek mythology, who taught medicine to Achilles, Heracles and Jason?
5. Where is the Jurong Bird Park, an aviary of more than 600 species of birds?
6. What is the theme of the book, "The Gulag Archipelago" by the Nobel Laureate Alexander Solzhenitsyn?

rough and creased. She had a scar on her forehead. Her front teeth were like those of a buck. She waddled like a duck.

"She can't be the boy's mother," the Raja thought, while he went back to check with the boy. Then he bumped into the boy, running at break-neck speed.

The Raja held him and asked him, "Why are you in such a hurry?"

The boy struggled to free himself. He kept repeating, "My mother. My beautiful

mother! She has come to take me."

The Raja let the boy rush into the outstretched arms of his mother. She hugged him tight. Her eyes filled with tears. She mumbled again and again, "How happy am I!

DID YOU KNOW?

The name 'devil' comes from the Greek word *diabolos*, meaning 'slanderer'. This is where the word 'diabolical' comes from.

7. What is the National Emblem of the Ivory Coast?
8. Where is the terminal station of National Highway NH 1, which starts from New Delhi?
9. What was the purpose of Mahatma Gandhi's last "fast unto death" which started on January 13, 1948?
10. Where is the headquarters of "Doctors Without Borders" the international organization which was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1999?
11. What method is used by bats to fly through the night and to locate obstacles?
12. What is the largest organ of the human body?
13. The picture shows the endangered species, the Olive Ridley Turtle at Rushikulya beach. Where is Rushikulya beach?



(See page 97)

Star of my Eyes, how much I worried about you! You are my life. You are all that I have." She kissed him on the head, on the cheeks, the eyes and the hands.

"Is this your mother?" the Raja asked the boy.

"Yes. She is very beautiful. No woman is as beautiful as her."

"You said it. I should have looked at this woman through your eyes. Then I would have seen how beautiful she is."

The Raja then turned to the woman and said, "I am

glad the boy found the one woman who matters to him. In his eyes, she is the only beautiful woman in the world. I now know one truth. Where love is, there beauty is. No love can match the love a mother shows her children. No wonder your child thinks you are the best in the world in beauty, love, grace . . ."

"Maharaj, I am indeed his world. And he, mine," said the woman, as she thanked the Raja and walked away, holding the child by the arm.

●

BISCUIT PUZZLE

The Tastee Biscuit Company has advertised a promotional offer - a surprise gift inside each of their cream biscuit packets. On the day the advertisement is released, five children from the same colony - Vivek, Siddharth, Tina, Priya, and Chitra - visit the nearby shop at different times. Each buys a packet of cream biscuits, in his or her favourite flavour. One of them likes pineapple cream biscuits.



Each of them finds a different item inside the biscuit packet as surprise gift. One gets an eraser.

Using the clues given below, find out the order in which the children visited the shop, the flavour each one bought, and the gift each received.

1. The buyer of chocolate cream biscuits was the third to visit the shop. Her gift was not a sharpener or a whistle. She is not Chitra.
2. Vivek's predecessor was a boy. He was not fifth in the line.
3. Chocolate and mango are not Priya's favourite flavours.
4. Priya's and Chitra's gifts were neither the sharpener nor the whistle. Siddharth didn't get the whistle.
5. The preferred flavour of the child who came fourth is mango. She did not receive the ring as a gift.
6. The one who received the pencil as gift loves strawberry cream.
7. Vivek hates orange cream biscuits.

Order	Name	Flavour	Gift
1st	Siddharth	Orange	Sharpener
2nd	Vivek	Pineapple	Whistle
3rd	Tina	Chocolate	Ring
4th	Chitra	Mango	Eraser
5th	Priya	Strawberry	Pencil

Solution:



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- Prof. George John Nidhiry



During Easter season, many countries issue postal stamps to commemorate the Passion, Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Postal Departments use this occasion to honour renowned artists, by selecting their paintings as the theme of these stamps. For the Easter of 1968 and 1969, the South American country Guyana, selected two very beautiful paintings of

Salvador Dali for its Easter stamps.

Salvador Dali was born in Spain at Figueras in 1904 and died in 1989. He was one of the principal figures of the Surrealist movement. During his early days, Freud's study of Abnormal Psychology and Dream Symbolism and his Theory of the Subconscious influenced his paintings. Later he switched to paintings of a more academic style. Guyana's Easter stamps depict Dali's two famous paintings: "The Sacrament of the Last Supper" and the "Christ of St. John of the Cross."

Himalayan Peaks

The Himalayas constitute an important part of the Asian land mass. In "Kumara Sambhavam" Kalidasa writes: "In the North is situated in its divinity the king of mountains named Himalaya, which, by entering into the waters, into the East as well as the West, stands like the pivot of the

Nepal

Nepal is an independent kingdom lying along the southern slopes of the Himalayas. It is the only official Hindu kingdom in the world. This country is blessed with a variety of beautiful wild animals

and plants. The forested area of Tarai is the abode of tigers, leopards, elephants, buffalo and deer.

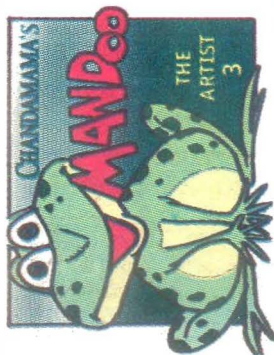
In 1960, measures were taken to protect the endangered Indian rhinoceros. For the protection of endangered species, Sir Peter M Scott (1909 - 89) started an organization, which was later named as the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF). Many countries issue stamps to honour WWF and to collect funds for WWF through the sale of stamps.



earth." The four great rivers of the subcontinent - the Ganges, Brahmaputra, Sutlej and Indus - have their source in these mountains. Its divinity lies in the Hindu belief that it is the abode of Lord Siva and his consort Parvathy.

Himalaya is the king of mountains because of the presence of the peaks Mount Everest, K2 (Mt. Godwin-Austin), Kanchenjunga, Nanda Devi, etc. which are among the principal peaks of the world. In 1988, the Department of Posts issued four stamps on Himalayan peaks.





Come on, Kaka. I'm going to paint you next.



Oh, no! I've exhausted the black paint while painting Ana! Now what shall I do?

Then an idea strikes him.

But when Mando gets ready to paint Kaka, he makes a discovery...



Mando paints Kaka in purple.

Wow! This colour really suits Kaka!



After finishing the painting...

Congratulations, Kaka, you look really good in my painting! Just wait until you can see it!



Next to pose for his portrait is Rex, the gorilla.

Don't worry, Mando, you must make me look good! I'll make you look so good you won't recognise yourself!



Mando starts his work.

Now, if only Rex's nose were longer, it would really enhance his beauty! Let me try...



After Rex, it is Bandhu's turn to have his portrait painted.

Bandhu is my good friend - I must make him look really handsome!



I wonder how my portrait looks!

At last, all the portraits are done, and it is the great day when the animals will see them!

Here comes Mando, at last! Come fast, Mando, we're all waiting for you!

MANDOO-CD 26/3

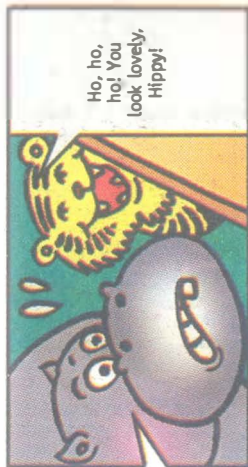
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Ok, now I am going to unveil the portraits. Get ready to feast your eyes on visions of great beauty!

First to be unveiled is Hippy's portrait...

What! Is this supposed to be my portrait?



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All the animals have a good laugh, except poor Hippy!

Mandoo, what is the meaning of this?

Why, Hippy, I only drew designs to make you look beautiful!



Rex's portrait is unveiled next.

Rex, I'm sure you'll love your picture. I've altered your features to enhance your good looks!

Unfortunately, all of Mandoo's good intentions seem to have backfired....



I thought you were my friend, Mandoo! How could you do this to me?

And what about me? He has painted me in purple, and I look like a joker!

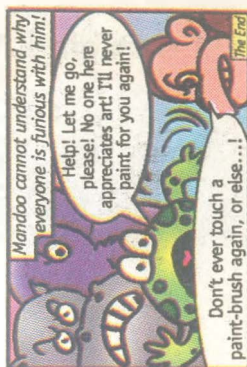


Not one of his friends is happy!

This is the first time I'm seeing a snub-nosed elephant! Mandoo's really a genius! Ha ha!



Bandhu, I wanted to make you look extra smart and brave. That's why I drew you with tiger stripes and a sword! I hope you like it!



Mandoo cannot understand why everyone is furious with him!

Help! Let me go, please! No one here appreciates art! I'll never paint for you again!

Don't ever touch a paint-brush again, or else...!

MANDOO-CD 26/4

The End

Tales Behind Inventions

-Jee

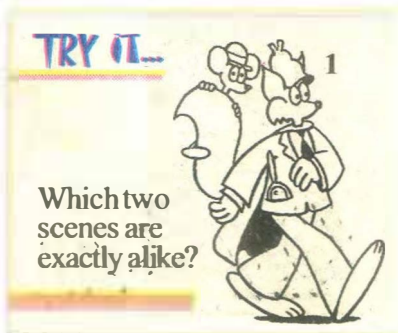


Power Boats

Amusing and trivial incidents, when they happen to creative persons, often lead to inventions. The invention of the motor-driven boat is one such example. It was the brainchild of a young man of Wisconsin, USA who invented it back in 1907. His name was Ole Evinrude. By profession Evinrude was a mechanic and a good one at that. And he made the invention just so that he could bring a cup of ice-cream to

his girl friend, across a lake.

It was a bright summer day when Evinrude and his sweetheart, Bessie, decided



to go on a picnic. They chose a quiet, lovely island in a big lake nearby, packed a lunch, got into a row boat and went to the island.

They had a nice lunch. When it was over Bessie wanted an ice-cream. But the island had no restaurants, snack bars or ice-cream parlours. It was a lonely, silent piece of land far away from civilization.

But Evinrude, who was deeply in love would have done anything to please the girl of his dreams. So he jumped into the boat, rowed to the mainland, got the ice-cream and rowed back to the island with it.

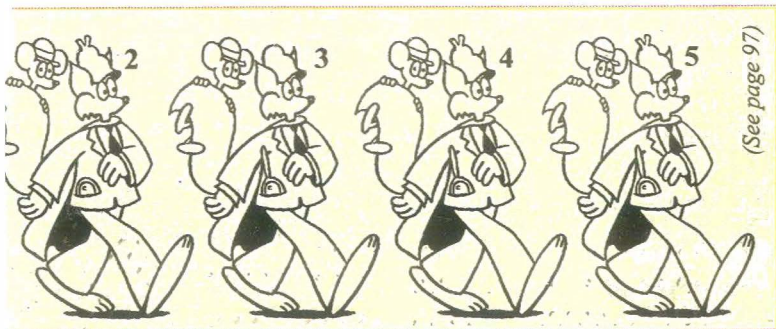
But the trip across the lake was too long on that warm summer day for the ice-cream to keep fresh and it melted

Did You Know?

Submarines are also called U-boats, which is short for Unterseeboot, the German word for undersea boat.

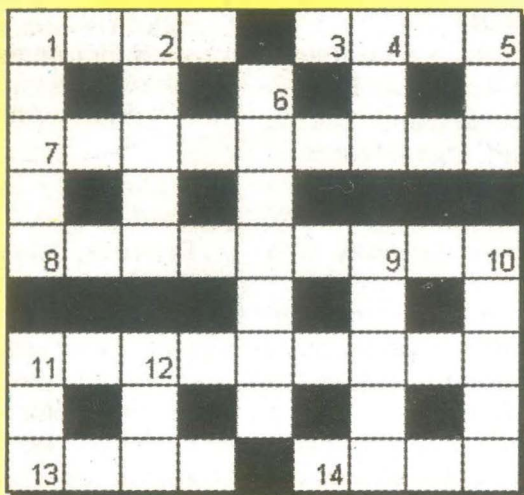
into slurry by the time it reached Bessie.

Evinrude, depressed over his love's labour lost, thought how it would be possible to speed up rowing. A resourceful mechanic, he attached a motor to the back of the boat. The motor boat was a grand success. He married Bessie. They called the mechanized boat, 'Evinrude', and started a business of making and selling motor boats.



Crossword

- K. S. Geethavani, Coimbatore



Across:

1. A musical sound or tone (4)
3. Remain, don't go (4)
7. Chemical element - Symbol : Pu ; Atomic number : 94 (9)
8. Maze (9)
11. Highly valued, cherished (9)
13. Microscopic organism that causes illness (4)
14. Hence, therefore (4)
2. Under one's _____ Under the control of someone (5)
4. Prefix meaning 'three' (3)
5. An edible root (3)
6. One who travels for pleasure (7)
9. A direction (5)
10. Conceals, keeps from view (5)
11. Pull with force (3)
12. Hearing organ (3)

Down:

1. Kathmandu is here (5)

(See page 97)

The adventures of Robin Hood - 6

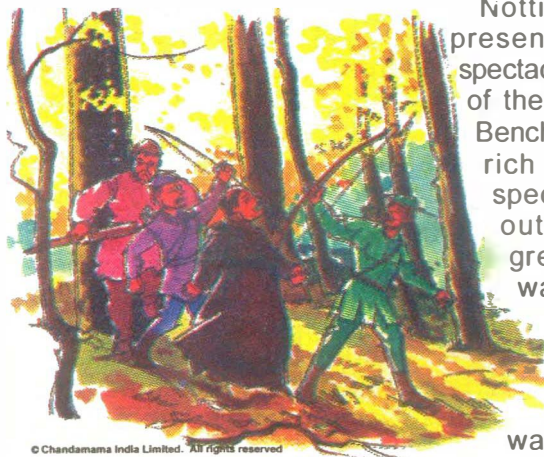
Hearing his comrade's well-meant advice, Robin said, "Now, you're a wise lad to keep your eyes and ears open, as behoves a clever outlaw. But if we stay away from the contest, people will say that Robin Hood and his men are cowards who did not dare face the Sheriff of Nottingham! Can we allow that to happen? No, my good David – I must compete, and win the prize, too!"

He paused to look at his band, and continued, "But don't worry; I know what to do.

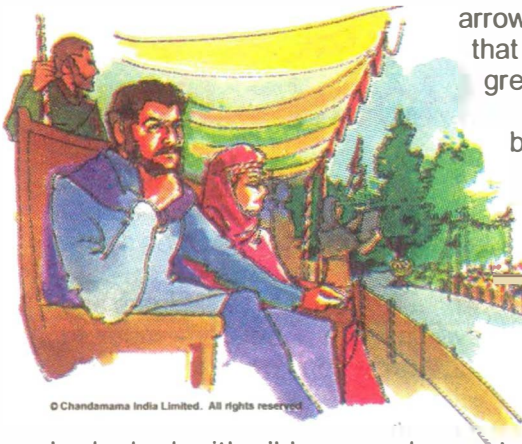
We shall counter the Sheriff's guile with our own. Each of you must assume some disguise or the other – as friars, peasants, beggars and the like – but remember to carry your weapons, in case you need them. As for myself, I shall compete. If I win the golden arrow, we shall hang it on the branch of this very tree, where all of us can see it. What do you say, my merry men?"

A hearty cheer went up, as all the outlaws eagerly endorsed their leader's plan.

Nottingham Town presented a grand spectacle on the day of the shooting contest. Benches, meant for the rich and titled spectators, were laid out all around the green meadow that was to be the venue of the competition. At the end of the range, near the target, was a raised seat



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arrows for probable defects that might rob them of the great prize.

All the benches had been filled with guests when the Sheriff and his wife, riding their gaily-decorated horses and splendidly dressed in velvet robes and gold ornaments arrived. They

presented an imposing spectacle as they rode along side by side and dismounted by their allotted seats, where armed guards were waiting for them. The spectators raised a rousing cheer for them.

After the Sheriff and his wife had taken their seats, a herald stepped out and blew three resounding blasts on his silver horn. This was the signal for the archers to take up positions, to the accompaniment of loud cheering from the public.

bedecked with ribbons and garlands, for the Sheriff and his wife. The range was forty paces wide. At one end stood the target, and at the other, a canvas tent with casks of ale – refreshment for the archers.

Long before the contest commenced, the benches were being occupied by wealthy people, who were arriving in carts or on horseback. Poorer spectators sat on the grass. A railing had been put up to keep them off the range.

The herald then announced the rules of the game – “Each archer has to shoot from yonder mark, which is a hundred and fifty yards from the target. Each may first shoot one arrow.

In the great tent, the archers – all the very best in England – were gathering by twos and threes. Some were boasting their earlier triumphs; others were checking their bows and

After the first round, the ten men who shot the best will be chosen for the next round. Here, each of the ten may shoot two arrows. The three best archers of the ten will go on to the final round, where they shall shoot three arrows each, to determine the one who will win the golden arrow."

Then the Sheriff leaned forward, looking keenly among the archers to find whether Robin Hood was among them. But he saw no one in Lincoln green, as was worn by Robin and his band.

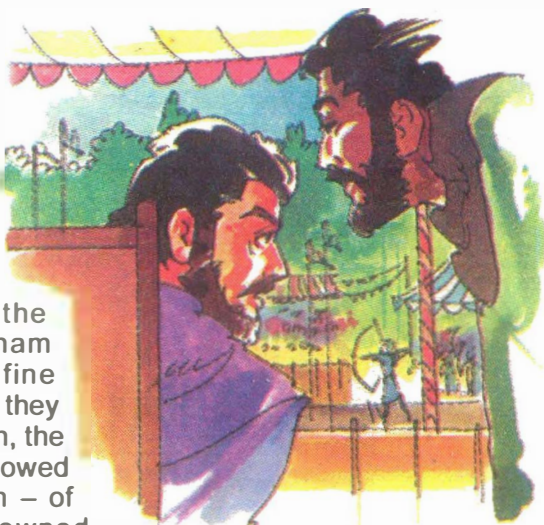
"But he may be there nevertheless, unseen by me in the crowd," mused the Sheriff. "I shall watch out for him in the second round, for, he will definitely be among the ten semi-finalists, if I know anything at all about him!"

The contest began. Never had the people of Nottingham witnessed such a fine display of archery as they saw that day. At length, the competition was narrowed down to just ten men – of whom six were renowned

archers, famous throughout Nottinghamshire. These were Gilbert o' the Red Cap, Adam o' the Dell, Diccon Cruikshank, William o' Leslie, Hubert o' Cloud, and Swithin o' Hertford. Two others were Yorkshire men, another was a tall stranger in blue, who claimed to be from London, and the last was a ragged stranger in scarlet, who wore a patch over one eye.

"Do you see Robin Hood among those ten?" demanded the Sheriff of a guard who stood by him.

"No, Your Worship," answered the man.



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"Six of them, of course, I know by sight. Of those Yorkshire men, one is too tall, and the other, too short to be Robin Hood. The London fellow is much thinner than Robin. As for that tattered beggar, he's blind of one eye and has a brown beard, whereas Robin's beard is as yellow as gold!"

"Hmph!" snorted the Sheriff angrily. "Then the outlaw is a coward as well as

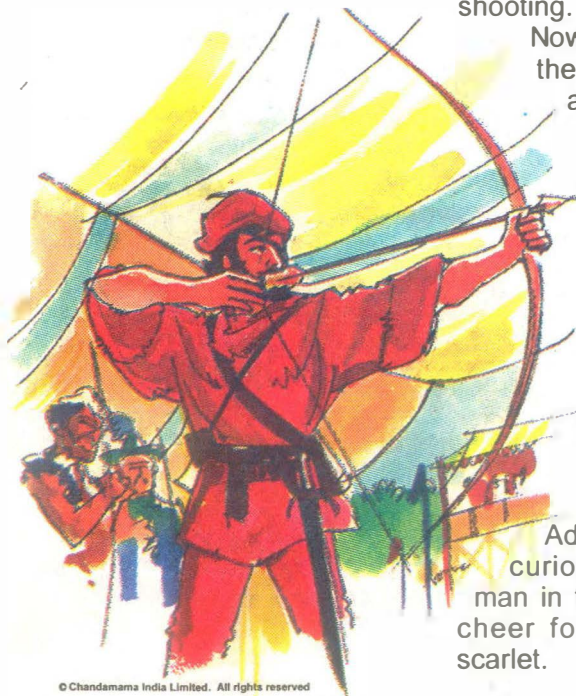
a rogue, and dares not show his face among good men."

After a brief interval for the archers to rest, the semi-final round began. The ten contestants stepped forward to shoot again. There was pin-drop silence as each man shot his two arrows. But when the last had shot his arrow, the waiting crowd exploded in a great frenzy of cheering, throwing their hats into the air – for, they were overwhelmed with joy at such marvellous shooting.

Now only three men – the cream of the archers – were left in the contest. They were Gill o' the Red Cap, Adam o' the Dell, and the unknown archer in ragged scarlet.

Now, the spectators started cheering on their favourite archers – some rooting for Gilbert o' the Red Cap, others for Adam o' the Dell. But curiously, not a single man in the crowd raised a cheer for the stranger in scarlet.

(To continue)



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Answers

QUICKQUIZ

Page 10

Lewis Carroll. Carroll described the cat in "Alice in Wonderland".

Page 12

Wolves.

Page 14

Herman Melville

Page 17

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

Page 20

Murders in the Rue Morgue. Poe's short story.

Page 25

Pig.

Page 26

Merchant of Venice.

Page 29

Jonathan Swift. 'Gulliver's Travels'

Page 30

Moliere.

Page 33

Cervantes. "Don Quixote".

Page 35

David Copperfield.

TRUE OR FALSE

1) True. 2) False. The rhino horn is tightly matted hair, a form of keratin like human hair and fingernails.

TRY IT...

Page 38

Pen, watch, leash, dog's tail, tie

and sun.

Page 88

Numbers 4 and 5.

SLYLOCK FOX

These daisy stems still have their roots attached. A florist would have clipped the stems above the roots. Reeky yanked them out of Mrs. Rabbit's garden soil.

RIDDLES

Charcoal

QUIZ OF THE MONTH

1. Rabindranath Tagore
2. A Parliament
3. General Dwight D. Eisenhower
4. Chiron
5. Singapore
6. The Stalinist terror in the USSR.
7. The elephant
8. Pakistan border near Amritsar.
9. Hindu - Muslim unity
10. Brussels, Belgium
11. Echolocation
12. Skin
13. Gokharkuda village, Ganjam district, Orissa.

CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Note 3. Stay 7. Plutonium 8. Labyrinth 11. Treasured 13. Germ 14. Thus
Down: 1. Nepal 2. Thumb 4. Tri 5. Yam 6. Tourist 9. North 10. Hides 11. Tug 12. Ear

The Little Lamé Prince

The infant son of the King and Queen of Nomansland, born to them after a ten year wait, is the most beautiful prince anyone has ever seen. Everyone is happy at his birth – everyone, that is, except the King's brother, the Crown Prince, who would have been king one day if the baby had not been born.

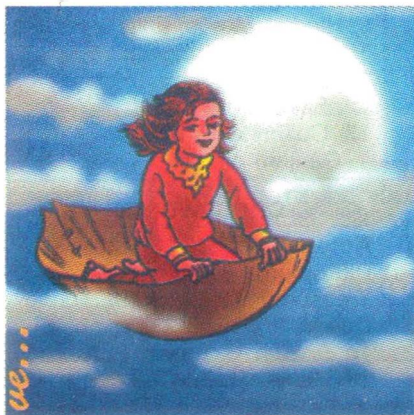
The infant prince's christening is to be a grand affair, where 24 godfathers and godmothers, specially chosen for their ranks and status, will each give him a name. But two unforeseen tragedies befall the baby on his christening day. First, a careless nurse drops him on the way to

the chapel, causing him to become lame for life (although this is known only much later). Then, soon after his christening, his gentle, sweet-natured mother dies. An uninvited guest to the christening is an old woman – his fairy godmother.

More misfortune is in store for the prince as time passes. His father dies, and his scheming uncle – the Regent – usurps the throne and has him secretly taken away to a lonely tower on a barren plain.

With only a female convict as his nanny, the little lame prince grows to boyhood in utter loneliness, until his fairy godmother gives him a magic cloak which he uses for travelling on the sly – to see the world, and the kingdom which should be his. But will the cloak help him become king? More importantly, does he want to become king?

To know, read *The Little Lamé Prince* by Dinah Maria Mulock. It is a deeply touching children's classic that was originally published in 1874.



Just won't share
my fruitoman's!



***Fruitoman's!** So yummy jams 'n' sauces!! I just can't share it with anyone else. Even with my little Bunty! And, you know, mom says **Fruitoman's** so rich in natural goodness and taste. But, I love its delicious taste. See, I'll do anything to have my **Fruitoman's** all for myself. Pssss! It's a secret!*



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